The Mystery of the Beaconsfield Hotel

Screenplay by Adriana Coelho

Based on the novel “The Mystery of the Beaconsfield

Hotel” by Adriana Coelho

Character List – The Mystery of Beaconsfield Hotel

Harry

- Role: Owner of the Beaconsfield Hotel in 1930.
- Traits: Kind, compassionate, resilient, but marked by

  the loss of his wife. Symbol of stability and

  humanity.
- Fate: Dies in the 1930 fire, murdered by the Masked

  Man.

  Robert Johnson
- Role: Hotel manager in 1930; revealed as the

  original Masked Man of that era.
- Traits: Dedicated on the surface but secretly

  ruthless; envious, vengeful, and capable of great

  violence.
- Fate: Responsible for the fire that killed Harry; his

  remains are buried in the cemetery behind the hotel.

  James
- Role: Son of Harry; later owner of the hotel in 1980.
- Traits: Intelligent, dutiful, determined to preserve his

  father’s legacy but haunted by tragedy. Courageous,

  yet burdened by guilt.
- Fate: Survives William’s massacre but loses his wife

  Chloe and many guests; ultimately declares the hotel

cursed.

William Johnson

- Role: Son of Robert Johnson; revealed as the true Masked Man in 1980.
- Traits: Outwardly charming, ambitious, successful real estate agent; inwardly bitter, manipulative, and consumed by vengeance.
- Fate: Confesses his legacy of hate, sets fire to the hotel, and dies in the flames — fulfilling the curse of the Masked Man.

Chloe

- Role: William’s wife, mother of Tyler.
- Traits: Loving, supportive, sensitive; tragically broken when she learns her husband’s true identity.
- Fate: Takes her own life out of shame during the fire.

Tyler Johnson

- Role: Son of William and Chloe; innocent child at first, later hinted to inherit the Masked Man’s legacy.
- Traits: Impressionable, curious; final scene reveals him with the golden mask, smiling ominously.

Jacob

- Role: Loyal manager of the hotel in 1980, ally of James.
- Traits: Brave, practical, loyal; carries family loyalty and later remembered through his son Peter.
- Fate: Wounded but survives.

Maya

- Role: Mysterious guest later revealed as an FBI agent investigating the Masked Man.
- Traits: Strong, resourceful, determined; protector who saves James and uncovers secrets.

Langley

- Role: Elderly guest, old friend of James, tied to memories of his wife Eleanor.
- Traits: Wise, nostalgic, brave in the face of death.
- Fate: Killed by William (the Masked Man) but dies with dignity, holding Eleanor’s photograph.

Eleanor

- Role: Langley’s late wife.
- Traits: Not present in person, but a symbol of eternal love and memory.

Emily

- Role: Dedicated hotel worker.
- Traits: Quiet, observant, loyal to the hotel’s operation.

Gerald Flynn

- Role: Former hotel lawyer, corrupt and allied with Robert and William.
- Traits: Calculating, manipulative, greedy, ultimately unmasked as a co -conspirator.
- Fate: Mortally wounded, dies bitter and defeated.

Peter

- Role: Son of Jacob, appears in 2010 to warn Thomas about the Masked Man’s curse.
- Traits: Serious, cautious, bearer of family memory and warnings.

Thomas

- Role: Ambitious new owner of the hotel in 2010.

- Traits: Visionary, confident, but arrogant and dismissive of warnings about the curse.
- Fate: Rebuilds the hotel, unknowingly awakening the Masked Man’s legacy.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND LOBBY – NIGHT (1930)

The hotel is alive with music and laughter. A jazz band plays softly in the background. Chandeliers glow golden light across MARBLE FLOORS, where ELEGANT GUESTS in tuxedos and gowns mingle, glasses of champagne in hand.

At the center of it all stands HARRY, the proud owner of the hotel, greeting his guests with warm smiles and firm handshakes. His charm fills the room.

Nearby, JAMES, about 14, observant and sensitive, watches his father with admiration and a hint of longing.

Harry notices his son and waves him over.

HARRY
(smiling warmly)

James, come closer, son.

James steps forward, still shy among the glamorous crowd. Harry places a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

HARRY

(lowering his voice, intimate)

Since your mother passed, I’ve felt so very alone in this

place.

James looks up at him, surprised by his father’s

vulnerability.

HARRY

But one day… this hotel will be yours. The Beaconsfield

is our family’s heart. And you, James… you will carry it

forward.

James swallows hard, taking in the weight of his father’s

words. He gazes up at the chandeliers, the guests, the

music — as if seeing his destiny unfold.

JAMES

(quietly, almost a whisper)

I’ll make you proud, father.

Harry smiles, though there is sadness behind his eyes.

The band swells with jazz. Glasses clink. The world

outside may be restless, but inside the Beaconsfield Hotel,

the legacy is just beginning.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND LOBBY –

CONTINUOUS (1930)

The laughter and chatter of the elegant crowd fill the air.

The doors at the far end of the lobby open, and ROBERT

JOHNSON , the hotel’s dignified manager in his fifties,

enters. His suit is crisp, his posture perfect. He surveys

the room with calm authority, ensuring everything runs

flawlessly.

Harry notices him immediately and raises a hand in

greeting.

HARRY
Robert! There you are.

Robert approaches with a polite bow of the head.

ROBERT JOHNSON
Everything is proceeding smoothly, sir. The guests are

comfortable, the staff attentive.

Harry clasps Robert’s shoulder warmly, looking at him

with trust.

HARRY
You are a good manager, Robert. This hotel is lucky to

have you.

Robert allows himself the smallest smile, proud but

humble.

ROBERT JOHNSON
And I am fortunate, Mr. Harry, to serve a house with such

legacy. The Beaconsfield is more than brick and stone…

it’s a living memory.

James listens quietly, absorbing every word, the weight of

responsibility growing heavier in his young heart.

Harry glances at his son, then back to Robert, his eyes

filled with unspoken meaning.

HARRY

Let us keep it alive. For those who came before… and

those who will come after.

Robert nods firmly.

ROBERT JOHNSON

Always, sir. Always.

The jazz band swells once more. Guests laugh, glasses

clink, and the grand hotel glitters as if eternal.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – ROBERT’S

PRIVATE QUARTERS – NIGHT (1930)

The room is modest compared to the glittering halls of the

hotel. A single lamp glows softly on a wooden desk,

stacked with ledgers and hotel records.

ROBERT JOHNSON enters quietly, removing his jacket.

His shoulders drop, the weight of responsibility visible

now that no one is watching.

On the nightstand, a framed photograph catches his eye.

He picks it up carefully. It is of his son, WILLIAM,

younger and smiling, full of promise.

Robert studies the photo with a mixture of pride and

melancholy.

ROBERT JOHNSON
(softly, to himself)

William… everything I do here, I do for you.

He exhales, straightens his posture, and sets the photo

back in its place. Duty calls.

Robert slips his jacket on again, adjusts his tie in the

mirror, and opens the door.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – CORRIDOR –

CONTINUOUS

Robert steps back into the hotel’s elegant corridor. The

faint echo of jazz drifts down the hallway. His face

hardens with professionalism once more as he returns to

work, ready to keep the Beaconsfield running with

dignity.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – CORRIDOR –

NIGHT (ONE WEEK LATER, 1930)

The once -glamorous hotel has grown strangely quiet. The

music is gone, replaced by the distant howl of wind

rattling against the windows. The chandeliers flicker as if

the building itself is unsettled.

JAMES, alone, walks cautiously through the dimly lit

corridor. His footsteps echo against the marble floor. The

long hallway seems endless, lined with tall mirrors and

portraits whose painted eyes seem to follow him.

James pauses. A strange feeling crawls up his spine. He

senses he is not alone.

At the far end of the corridor… a SHADOW emerges.

Slowly, a figure steps into view.

It is THE MASKED MAN — tall, imposing, dressed in a

black cape and a sharp black suit. A gleaming golden

mask covers his face, catching the faint light of the

chandeliers. He does not move at first. He simply stands

there, staring at James.

James freezes, his breath caught in his throat.

JAMES

(whispering)

Who… who are you?

The Masked Man tilts his head slightly, silent, almost

curious. Then he begins to walk slowly down the hallway

toward James, his polished shoes clicking on the floor,

deliberate and unnerving.

James takes a step back. The air grows colder.

JAMES
(stammering)

This… this is my father’s hotel. You don’t belong here!

The Masked Man stops. For a moment, the silence is

unbearable. Then — he lifts his gloved hand and points

toward the GRAND HALL below, where the hotel’s

lights flicker violently.

James turns his head to look — and when his eyes snap

back to the corridor, the Masked Man is gone.

James gasps, spinning around, searching desperately. His

own reflection in the mirrors seems warped, stretched, as

if mocking his fear.

Suddenly, a distant CHILD’S LAUGH echoes through the

empty hall. James flinches, clutching the railing for

support.

He runs down the corridor, his footsteps pounding, heart

racing, as the golden mask’s gleam still burns in his mind.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – STAIRCASE –

CONTINUOUS

James rushes down the grand staircase, nearly tripping. At

the base, he collides with EMILY, the quiet maid, who is

carrying a tray. The tray crashes to the ground.

EMILY

(startled)

James! What on earth —?

JAMES

(panicked, whispering fast)

There was a man… a man in a mask. He was here. I saw

him!

Emily looks around, her face pale.

EMILY

(nervous)

No one else is here. The staff are asleep. The guests left

days ago.

James shakes his head violently.

JAMES

I swear it! A golden mask. Black cape. He was watching

me.

Emily’s eyes widen in fear. She grips James’s arm tightly.

EMILY

(whispering)

You shouldn’t say such things… The walls here have

ears. And the hotel… remembers.

James stares at her, confused and terrified, as the lights

above them flicker again. A low RUMBLE echoes

through the building — as if the Beaconsfield Hotel itself

has awakened.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND

BALLROOM – NIGHT (1930)

The ballroom glitters with elegance. Guests in tuxedos

and gowns dance to the sound of a smooth jazz quartet.

Laughter, glasses clinking, and the shimmer of the

chandelier fill the grand room.

But a subtle unease lingers. Conversations die down as

the lights flicker faintly.

James sits quietly at a corner table, his eyes restless,

scanning the room. He hasn’t forgotten the shadow he

saw in the corridor.

Suddenly — the music stops. The chandelier sways

slightly overhead. Guests turn, confused, whispering.

The massive ballroom doors CREAK OPEN. A cold wind

sweeps in, extinguishing candles.

And there he is — THE MASKED MAN.

Golden mask gleaming. Black cape flowing. A long knife

glistens in his hand.

Gasps spread through the room like fire.

GUEST 1
(terrified whisper)

Look… do you see him?

GUEST 2
(gripping his glass tightly)

Yes… the mask…

The Masked Man steps forward slowly, his polished

shoes echoing against the marble floor. Guests

instinctively pull back, creating a wide empty circle

around him.

James’s breath catches. His heart pounds as the Masked

Man’s golden mask turns toward him — though the figure

never speaks.

HARRY pushes forward, trying to show courage.

HARRY
(voice trembling but loud)

This is my hotel! Leave at once!

The Masked Man pauses. Then, with a sharp motion, he

SLASHES the air with the knife. Guests SHRIEK in

terror, stumbling back.

VIVIENNE, strong and defiant, calls out over the chaos.

VIVIENNE
Show yourself! Remove the mask!

But the Masked Man only tilts his head — then takes

another deliberate step forward. His silence chills the air.

Panic spreads. Guests scatter, chairs crash to the floor,

champagne spills across the marble.

In the confusion, James turns to EMILY, who is frozen

with fear near the wall.

JAMES
(urgent, whispering)

You see him too, don’t you? He’s real.

Emily nods slowly, trembling.

EMILY
Yes… and he doesn’t come for one of us. He comes for

all of us.

The Masked Man suddenly lifts the knife high above his

head — as if claiming the entire ballroom. The golden

mask glimmers like fire in the chandelier’s light.

And then — the lights SNAP OUT.

Darkness swallows the room. Screams echo. Guests crash

into each other in blind panic. A metallic sound — the

knife dragging against the marble floor — scrapes

through the shadows.

When the lights flicker back on — the Masked Man is

gone.

Guests are left trembling, pale, gasping for air. The

golden mask’s image burns in every mind.

James stares at the empty space where the figure had

stood, whispering to himself:

JAMES
This hotel… is cursed.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – HARRY’S

OFFICE – NIGHT (1930)

The office is richly decorated: mahogany desk, leather

chairs, heavy curtains. But now, the atmosphere is tense.

The fire in the hearth flickers weakly.

HARRY sits alone at his desk, his hands trembling

slightly as he pours himself a glass of whiskey. His face is

pale, haunted.

A distant SOUND echoes through the hotel — footsteps.

Slow. Deliberate.

Harry looks up sharply.

He rises, moving toward the tall window that overlooks

the courtyard. The storm outside rattles the glass.

And there — in the courtyard below — stands THE

MASKED MAN.

Cape flowing in the wind. Golden mask shining. Knife

glinting in his hand.

Harry gasps, his breath catching in his throat.

HARRY
(whispering to himself)

No… not again…

The Masked Man tilts his head upward, as if staring

directly into Harry’s soul through the glass. He raises the

knife slowly, pointing it toward the office window.

Harry stumbles back, terrified.

The office door BURSTS open — ROBERT JOHNSON

enters quickly.

ROBERT JOHNSON
Mr. Harry! What is it?

Harry points desperately toward the window.

HARRY
(shaking, frantic)

There! Look! The man — the mask — every night,

Robert! He’s there with the knife!

Robert rushes to the window. He stares out, scanning the

courtyard. The wind howls. Shadows shift across the

cobblestones. But the courtyard is empty.

Robert turns back, his expression calm but grave.

ROBERT JOHNSON
Sir… there’s no one there.

Harry slams his fist against the desk.

HARRY
(furious, desperate)

Don’t lie to me, Robert! I saw him! The same man…

every night this week! Watching me… watching this

hotel!

Robert sets a steady hand on Harry’s shoulder.

ROBERT JOHNSON
(softly, firmly)

I believe you, Harry. I believe what you’ve seen. But we

cannot let fear take this place from us. The staff are

whispering. The guests are frightened. If the owner loses

his courage, the hotel itself will fall.

Harry’s eyes glisten with fear.

HARRY
(voice breaking)

Robert… I am as afraid as they are. I feel him

everywhere. His mask… his knife… I feel it even when

he isn’t here.

Robert leans closer, his voice steady and commanding.

ROBERT JOHNSON
Then let me be your strength, sir. We must stand together.

The Beaconsfield has endured storms before. This one

will pass too.

Suddenly — the lights in the office FLICKER violently.

The fire in the hearth extinguishes with a sharp hiss.

Both men freeze.

A SHADOW passes across the window. For an instant,

the golden mask FLASHES in the glass — staring at them

from outside.

Harry stumbles back again, nearly collapsing into his

chair. Robert steadies him, though his own hands tremble

now.

ROBERT JOHNSON
(quietly, almost a prayer)

God help us…

The sound of the knife DRAGGING across stone echoes

faintly through the walls. The hotel itself seems to groan,

its foundation shuddering.

Robert tightens his grip on Harry’s arm.

ROBERT JOHNSON
(steadying his voice)

We cannot show weakness. Not to him. Not to anyone.

Harry nods shakily, his breath ragged.

HARRY
(whispering)

But Robert… what if he doesn’t want to leave? What if he

already owns this place?

Robert looks toward the window again — and for a

moment, the reflection of the golden mask lingers in the

glass, then vanishes into darkness.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – HARRY’S

OFFICE – LATE NIGHT (1930)

The office is silent, except for the faint ticking of a

grandfather clock. Harry paces nervously, sweat on his

brow, his eyes darting toward the darkened window as

though expecting the golden mask to appear again.

Finally, he kneels in front of the large iron safe embedded

in the wall. His hands tremble as he spins the dial. With

effort, he pulls the heavy door open.

Inside: ledgers, documents, stacks of bills. But as his eyes

scan the interior, his breath catches.

Half the money is gone.

HARRY
(whispering, horrified)

No… no, this can’t be…

He grabs handfuls of the remaining cash, scattering it on

the desk, desperate to convince himself it isn’t true. But

the truth is clear: someone has stolen a fortune from the

Beaconsfield.

Harry staggers back, gripping his chest. Between the

terror of the Masked Man and this betrayal, his mind

spirals.

HARRY
(voice breaking)

Who could do this? Who would dare?

EXT. LANGLEY’S HOUSE – NIGHT

A warm light glows through the windows of a modest but

welcoming home. Harry, weary and pale, approaches the

front door and knocks.

Moments later, LANGLEY, in his forties, opens the door

with a kind smile. His eyes show both wisdom and

strength.

LANGLEY
Harry, my friend… come in. You look troubled.

INT. LANGLEY’S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM –

NIGHT

Harry sits heavily in an armchair while Langley pours two

glasses of brandy. The fire crackles gently in the hearth.

Harry stares into the flames, his face drawn with fear and

suspicion.

HARRY
(voice low, shaking)

Langley… I think… I think my son James is stealing from

me. From the hotel.

Langley pauses, glass in hand, surprised.

LANGLEY
James? Your own boy?

HARRY
Yes. Tonight I opened the safe. Money gone — a great

deal of it. And who else could it be? Who else knows the

hotel like he does?

He buries his face in his hands.

HARRY
I’m losing everything, Langley. First the masked man

haunting us… now betrayal in my own family.

Langley sits across from him, his expression calm and

thoughtful.

LANGLEY
Harry… listen to me. You mustn’t let fear cloud your

judgment. If it was James, then he needs guidance — not

anger. He is young. He carries the weight of your legacy

already. Correct him, yes. But do it with patience, or you

may lose him forever.

Harry looks up, his eyes wet.

HARRY

But Langley… what if I’ve already lost him?

Langley leans forward, his voice steady.

LANGLEY

No. A son can lose his way, but a father’s love can bring

him back.

A silence falls. The firelight flickers across Harry’s

worried face. Then Harry notices something on the mantle

— a delicate lace scarf.

HARRY

(softly, distracted)

Eleanor’s?

Langley smiles gently.

LANGLEY

Yes. She left it here last evening. After all, she will soon

be my wife.

Harry exhales, remembering.

HARRY

Ah yes… your wedding. At the Beaconsfield. I still

remember when she first came to us, a simple staff

member… And now she will be yours.

Langley raises his glass.

LANGLEY

It was your hotel that brought us together, Harry. For that,

I will always be grateful.

Harry forces a faint smile, though his mind is elsewhere.

HARRY
After the wedding… I’ll speak with James. I must. But

Langley… I am so worried. What if that masked figure

returns? What if he dares to show himself… during your

wedding?

Langley chuckles softly, though his tone is firm.

LANGLEY
Harry, my friend… I do not fear him. Mask or no mask,

knife or no knife… he cannot take from me what matters

most.

Harry raises his eyes.

HARRY
And what matters most?

Langley smiles with quiet conviction.

LANGLEY
That I will marry the woman I love. Eleanor is my life.

And no shadow, no masked man, can steal that from me.

Harry sits back, taking in his friend’s words. For the first

time in days, he feels a flicker of calm.

Yet outside the window, unseen by both men, a faint

gleam of gold flashes in the darkness — the reflection of

a mask. Watching. Waiting.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND

BALLROOM – DAY (1930)

The ballroom is transformed. Fresh flowers line the walls,

candles glow softly, and white silk drapes shimmer in the

afternoon light. A string quartet plays a gentle melody as

distinguished guests take their seats.

At the front of the room, beneath a grand arch of roses,

stands LANGLEY, dignified and full of quiet joy. Beside

him, the officiant prepares.

The double doors open. ELEANOR enters, radiant in her

wedding gown. Her eyes glisten with tears of happiness as

she walks slowly down the aisle. The guests rise,

admiring her beauty.

Langley’s face lights up. His hands tremble slightly with

anticipation.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Even in a place of shadows… love dares to shine.

Eleanor reaches him. They take each other’s hands,

smiling with tenderness. The ceremony begins.

EXT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – BALCONY –

CONTINUOUS

The doors to the balcony stand slightly ajar. Beyond

them, hidden in the shadows of the storm -darkened sky, a

figure lingers.

THE MASKED MAN.

Golden mask gleaming faintly. Black cape trailing behind

him. A knife glimmers at his side.

He does not enter. He simply stands in silence, watching

the ceremony through the tall glass doors. His mask

reflects the candlelight like a twisted mirror of the joy

inside.

INT. GRAND BALLROOM – CONTINUOUS

The vows are spoken.

LANGLEY

(soft, steady)

Eleanor… you are my heart, my home. From this day

forward, I am yours.

ELEANOR

(teary, smiling)

And I am yours, Langley. Always.

The guests smile, some wiping away tears. Even Harry,

seated near the front, manages a soft smile — though his

eyes drift often to the doors, uneasy, as if he feels the

presence outside.

OFFICIANT

By the power vested in me… I now pronounce you

husband and wife.

Applause erupts. The quartet swells with music. Langley

kisses Eleanor tenderly. The room fills with joy.

But in the reflection of the chandelier’s crystal prisms —

the golden mask flashes, unseen by most.

EXT. BALCONY – SAME TIME

The Masked Man stands perfectly still. His knife catches

the light as he lifts it slowly, holding it upright like a vow

of his own.

Then, as the cheering continues inside, he turns and

vanishes into the shadows of the storm.

INT. GRAND BALLROOM – LATER

Guests mingle, drinking and laughing. Langley and

Eleanor share their first dance as husband and wife.

Harry watches, clapping with the others, but his smile

fades when he notices James across the room, silent and

distant. The thought of betrayal gnaws at him.

Still, the celebration continues — unaware that in the

darkness beyond the windows, the Masked Man waits.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – HARRY’S

OFFICE – NIGHT (1930)

The echoes of laughter and music from the wedding

reception have faded. The hotel is quieter now, the joy of

the day replaced by the heavy silence of night.

Harry sits at his desk, the golden light of a single lamp

casting long shadows across the room. His face is stern,

etched with worry.

The door creaks open. JAMES enters hesitantly, still in

his formal suit from the wedding. His father gestures for

him to close the door.

HARRY

James… sit down. We need to talk.

James shifts uneasily but obeys, sitting across from his

father. The tension is thick, almost unbearable.

Harry leans forward, his voice low but sharp.

HARRY

The money from the safe. It’s gone. A fortune. And you,

James… you are the only one besides me who holds the

key.

James freezes, his eyes darting away. He swallows hard,

avoiding his father’s piercing gaze.

JAMES
(after a pause, quietly)

Yes… I took it. But it wasn’t much, Father. Only a little.

Harry’s face hardens, his voice trembling with anger and

disappointment.

HARRY
(raising his voice)

A little? You call stealing from your own blood “a little”?

James… I never taught you to steal! Never!

James rises from his chair, his own anger boiling to the

surface.

JAMES
(defensive, shouting)

You taught me nothing but shadows! Nothing but this

cursed hotel! You love these walls more than you ever

loved me!

Harry slams his fist on the desk, standing now as well.

HARRY
(furious, hurt)

That hotel is our legacy, James! Your mother’s memory

lives in these halls. And now you disgrace it — and her

— with theft!

James’ eyes glisten with fury and sorrow.

JAMES

(snarling)

Legacy? What good is a legacy in a place haunted by

death and fear? You cling to it while I suffocate inside it.

A silence falls. Both men breathe heavily, glaring at each

other across the desk, the fire of generations burning

between them.

Finally, James turns abruptly, storming toward the door.

HARRY

(desperate, calling out)

James! Don’t walk away from me!

James stops at the threshold, his voice cold.

JAMES

(quiet but venomous)

Maybe one day… you’ll see that this hotel doesn’t belong

to you. Or to me. It belongs to something darker.

Without another word, James slams the door behind him

and storms out.

EXT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – FRONT STEPS –

NIGHT

The night air is heavy with fog. James bursts out of the

grand front doors, his breath sharp in the cold. He stands

at the steps, fists clenched, chest heaving with rage.

From the shadows of the courtyard, a faint glimmer

appears — the golden mask.

James freezes, his fury suddenly replaced with unease.

The Masked Man watches from a distance, silent,

unmoving.

James tightens his jaw, refusing to show fear. He turns

and walks away into the darkness of the night.

The Masked Man remains, watching. Waiting.

FADE OUT.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD – NIGHT (1930)

The night is thick with fog. JAMES wanders alone down

a lonely dirt road, his jacket pulled tight against the cold.

His face is hard, eyes burning with anger and regret after

the brutal fight with his father.

The silence of the countryside weighs heavy. An owl

hoots in the distance. James kicks a stone from the road,

lost in thought, tortured by guilt.

JAMES
(whispering to himself)

Why did I say those things? Why did I leave him?

Suddenly — a strange orange glow flickers across the fog.

James looks up.

His eyes widen in horror.

EXT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – NIGHT

From afar, the majestic silhouette of the Beaconsfield

Hotel is engulfed in flames. Smoke billows into the night

sky as fire eats through the elegant walls. Windows burst,

sending showers of sparks into the darkness.

James gasps, his heart stopping.

JAMES

(crying out)

No! Father!

He sprints toward the burning hotel, stumbling, his breath

ragged.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND LOBBY –

NIGHT

The once -elegant lobby is a nightmare. Fire climbs the

velvet drapes, chandeliers crash from the ceiling, and

smoke chokes the air. Guests and staff scream as they

flee, pushing through the grand doors in terror.

But James fights against the tide, forcing his way inside.

JAMES

(panicked)

Father! Where are you?!

The marble floor cracks with heat, glowing embers

raining from above. James coughs violently, covering his

mouth with his sleeve, eyes burning from the smoke.

INT. HARRY’S OFFICE – NIGHT

James stumbles into his father’s office. The fire licks at

the curtains, the walls glowing with heat. The large safe

lies open, the ledgers inside already smoldering.

Behind the desk, HARRY lies slumped over, motionless.

His face pale, his body limp, eyes glassy and unseeing.

JAMES
(choking, desperate)

No… no, Father!

James rushes to him, lifting his father’s lifeless shoulders.

He shakes him violently, tears streaming down his soot -

stained face.

JAMES
(screaming)

Wake up! Please! Don’t leave me!

But Harry does not move. His body is gone, claimed by

smoke and fire.

James breaks down, clutching his father’s body, sobbing

uncontrollably.

INT. HARRY’S OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

Through the haze of smoke, James senses movement.

Slowly, he lifts his tear -filled eyes.

And there — in the far corner of the office, half -shrouded

in firelight — stands THE MASKED MAN.

The golden mask gleams, reflecting the flames like

molten gold. The black cape flickers in the fiery air. In his

hand, the knife glimmers with deadly calm.

James’s breath catches. His grief turns to raw terror.

JAMES
(hoarse whisper)

You… it was you.

The Masked Man tilts his head slowly, as if in

acknowledgment. Then, without a word, he steps

backward into the smoke, his golden mask the last thing

visible before the shadows swallow him whole.

James screams in rage and despair, clutching his father’s

body as the fire roars louder, threatening to consume

everything.

EXT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – NIGHT

From outside, the flames rage high into the sky,

devouring the Beaconsfield. Guests and staff stand

helplessly at a distance, watching the legacy of

generations crumble to ash.

Through the shattered windows, James’s silhouette can be

seen, bent over his father’s body — the cry of a broken

son echoing through the inferno.

FADE OUT.

EXT. BURNT RUINS – BEACONSFIELD HOTEL –

DAWN (1930)

The fire has died. Smoke still rises from the charred

skeleton of the hotel. Ash falls like snow.

JAMES, blackened with soot, kneels among the ruins,

clutching a burned fragment of his father’s pocket watch.

His eyes are hollow, his face streaked with tears and ash.

Around him, villagers and surviving staff whisper,

watching from a distance. Fear lingers in their eyes — not

only of the fire, but of the golden mask that haunted the

night.

EMILY approaches timidly, placing a hand on James’s

shoulder.

EMILY

(softly)

James… you must leave this place. It’s cursed.

James doesn’t look at her. He stares at the ruins.

JAMES
(hoarse, broken)

This was my father’s life. His dream. And it was stolen

from him.

Emily shudders, her voice trembling.

EMILY
Then you must never return. If you stay, the mask will

claim you too.

James clenches the pocket watch, eyes burning with new

resolve.

JAMES
No. I will rebuild it. Brick by brick. I’ll make the

Beaconsfield live again. And when I do… I’ll find him.

The one behind the mask.

Emily steps back, frightened by the fire in his voice.

EXT. GRA VEYARD – DAY

A gray sky hangs over the funeral. The town gathers as

HARRY is laid to rest.

LANGLEY and ELEANOR stand close together, Eleanor

weeping softly. ROBERT JOHNSON bows his head in

solemn dignity.

James stands at the grave, rigid, a storm in his eyes.

PRIEST
From dust we came… and to dust we return.

As the coffin is lowered, James’s gaze lifts. Across the

cemetery, in the shadows of an old oak tree — a faint

gleam of gold.

The MASKED MAN watches. Silent. Unmoving.

James’s fists clench.

JAMES
(under his breath)

I see you.

When he looks again, the figure is gone.

EXT. GRA VEYARD – LATE AFTERNOON (1930)

The mourners have all gone. The gray sky hangs heavy,

clouds swollen with rain. Only JAMES remains, standing

before his father’s fresh grave.

A lonely WIND whips through the cemetery, rattling the

branches of the ancient oak trees.

James kneels, placing his father’s pocket watch gently

atop the mound of earth.

JAMES
(whispering, breaking)

Goodbye, Father. I swear to you… I will rebuild

everything you loved. And I will find him. The mask will

fall.

He presses his palm to the soil, eyes brimming with grief

and rage.

Thunder RUMBLES overhead. A first drop of rain

splashes against the headstone.

EXT. CEMETERY PARKING AREA – MOMENTS

LATER

James walks slowly toward his car, his black coat soaked

by the sudden downpour. The cemetery is deserted.

But then — he stops dead in his tracks.

There, across the lot, framed against the sheets of falling

rain, stands THE MASKED MAN .

Golden mask gleaming. Black cape rippling in the storm.

Unmoving. Watching.

James’s breath catches. He grips the car door handle

tightly, his knuckles white.

JAMES

(whispers)

Not here… not now…

The Masked Man tilts his head slightly, as though

mocking James’s fear.

James yanks the car door open and throws himself inside.

The windshield is immediately covered in rain.

Through the blur of water — the Masked Man is still

there. Still watching.

Then lightning flashes.

When the thunder CRACKS… he is gone.

James sits in the driver’s seat, chest heaving, drenched in

sweat and rain. His trembling hands grip the steering

wheel.

JAMES
(whispers, to himself)

You won’t break me.

He turns the ignition. The engine ROARS to life.

James drives away into the storm — the golden mask

lingering only in his mind.

FADE OUT.

INT. JOHNSON ESTATE – STUDY – BOSTON –

DAY (1980)

A bright office lined with polished wood and city views.

The walls are decorated with photographs of buildings

and contracts — the empire of JOHNSON REAL

ESTATE.

At the desk sits WILLIAM JOHNSON (40s), sharp suit,

confident posture, the image of a successful businessman.

But his eyes linger on an old framed photograph of his

late father, ROBERT JOHNSON, standing proudly in

front of the Beaconsfield Hotel decades earlier.

William touches the photo frame, his face softening with

emotion.

WILLIAM
(quietly, to himself)

You built all of this, Father. You gave me the

foundation… Now it’s mine to carry forward.

From the doorway, CHLOE (30s) enters, elegant but

warm, holding a cup of tea.

CHLOE
You’ve been staring at that picture all morning.

William forces a smile, taking the cup.

WILLIAM
Just remembering. He managed that hotel in England for

years before he brought us here… before he made us who

we are.

CHLOE
(sitting beside him, gently)

Robert would be proud of you. Of the company you’ve

built, the life we’ve made.

TYLER (10) bursts into the room with a child’s restless

energy, carrying a baseball glove.

TYLER
Dad! You promised we’d go to the park today.

William chuckles, ruffling his son’s hair.

WILLIAM

We will, champ. But first… we need to talk about a trip.

Tyler’s eyes widen.

TYLER
A trip? Where?

William leans forward, his tone soft but carrying weight.

WILLIAM
To England. To Beaconsfield. To the hotel where your

grandfather once worked.

Chloe looks at him, surprised.

CHLOE
William… after all these years? Why now?

William gazes again at Robert’s photo, then out the

window at the Boston skyline. His voice lowers, almost to

a whisper.

WILLIAM
Because some things… cannot stay buried.

The rain outside the window begins to fall softly, as if

echoing his words. In William’s reflection on the glass,

for the briefest instant — the faint shimmer of a golden

mask appears.

FADE OUT.

EXT. LOGAN AIRPORT – BOSTON – DAY (1980)

The bustling terminal buzzes with travelers. WILLIAM,

CHLOE, and TYLER weave through the crowd, carrying

their luggage.

Tyler clutches his notebook and a toy airplane, eyes wide

with excitement.

TYLER
I’ve never been on such a long flight before.

CHLOE
(smiling, reassuring)

It’s an adventure, sweetheart. England will be different…

quieter.

William walks ahead, determined, his face set. He glances

briefly at his reflection in a glass panel — and for a split

second, the faint flash of a golden mask flickers back at

him.

He blinks, shakes it off, and keeps walking.

EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT – LONDON – DAY

The family steps off the plane, exhausted but eager.

London fog swirls outside the windows.

A black sedan waits for them. As the driver loads their

bags, William gazes into the distance, almost as if he

already feels the pull of Beaconsfield.

DRIVER
Where to, sir?

WILLIAM
Beaconsfield Hotel. Buckinghamshire.

The driver nods. The car speeds off through the gray

London streets.

EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE – DUSK

The sedan cuts through winding country roads. Rolling

hills and age -old woods stretch endlessly beneath a

bruised sky. Rain begins to fall in thin sheets, clinging to

the windows.

Tyler presses his face against the glass, staring at the fog.

TYLER
(whispering to himself)

It feels like a ghost lives in the rain.

Chloe rests her hand gently on his shoulder, uneasy

herself.

William leans forward, eyes locked on the road ahead, as

if drawn by some unseen force.

EXT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – NIGHT

The sedan pulls up before the towering silhouette of the

BEACONSFIELD HOTEL.

Once grand, now faded, the Victorian structure looms

against the stormy night sky.

Lightning flashes — the windows gleam like hollow eyes.

The family steps out. Tyler clutches Chloe’s hand.

CHLOE
(softly, under her breath)

It looks like time stopped here.

The great wooden doors CREAK open. A warm glow spills

from inside.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND LOBBY – NIGHT

The Johnsons enter. The lobby is vast, echoing with

silence, lit by chandeliers that flicker under the storm’s

wind. The air smells of rain -soaked wood and polished

stone.

At the desk stands JAMES (now older, 40s) — sharp,

composed, carrying both duty and sorrow in his posture.

Beside him, EMILY , quiet and watchful, arranges flowers

nervously.

James steps forward, his gaze fixed on William. A heavy

pause lingers — the meeting of past and present.

JAMES
Welcome… to Beaconsfield.

William nods, his face unreadable.

WILLIAM
It’s been a long time.

James studies him carefully.

JAMES

Your father was a great man here. Robert Johnson kept

this place alive when no one else could.

Chloe steps closer, smiling politely.

CHLOE
We came to see where it all began… for our family.

Tyler looks around, eyes wide with wonder.

TYLER
It feels alive. Like the walls are breathing.

Emily freezes at his words, her face paling.

A thunderclap BOOMS outside. The chandelier above

flickers violently.

James glances at Emily — then back at William, his eyes

dark.

JAMES
Beaconsfield remembers everything.

The camera pulls slowly upward, revealing the vast ceiling

of the lobby… where, for the briefest moment in the

chandelier’s fractured light, the faint reflection of a

golden mask glimmers.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND LOBBY –

NIGHT (1980)
The rain hammers against the tall windows. The Johnson

family stands in the dim glow of the lobby.

From a side corridor, footsteps approach. JACOB (50s)

enters — tall, composed, polite, with an unsettling

calmness in his voice. He carries himself with the quiet

authority of someone who knows every corner of the

hotel.

He smiles faintly as he extends his hand to WILLIAM.

JACOB

Mr. Johnson. At last, we meet. I am Jacob… the current

manager of the Beaconsfield.

William shakes his hand firmly, studying him.

WILLIAM

So you’re the man keeping this place alive.

JACOB

(soft chuckle)

Alive… yes. That’s one way to put it.

He turns, gesturing around the vast lobby, the chandeliers,

the faded grandeur.

JACOB

Everyone here still remembers your father. Robert

Johnson. A man of dignity… discipline. To many, he

wasn’t just a manager — he was the soul of this hotel.

Chloe smiles gently, touched by the words. Tyler perks

up, listening closely.

CHLOE
So it’s true. People still speak of him here?

JACOB
(nods firmly)

With respect. Always. He kept this place steady when it

was slipping into ruin. Every guest, every worker — they

trusted him.

Jacob turns back to William, his gaze sharp, almost

penetrating.

JACOB
You have his eyes… but not his silence. Robert carried his

burdens quietly. You, I think, carry yours differently.

William stiffens slightly, masking his reaction with a faint

smile.

WILLIAM
My father was a good man. I intend to honor him by

bringing my family here… to see what he built.

Jacob studies him for a long moment, then his faint smile

returns.

JACOB
Then Beaconsfield will test you, Mr. Johnson. It tests

everyone who walks these halls.

A flicker of thunderlight flashes across the stained -glass

windows. For an instant, William’s reflection in the glass

is not his face — but the gleaming golden mask.

Chloe notices the storm and pulls Tyler closer to her.

CHLOE
(quietly, uneasy)

It feels colder in here than it does outside.

Jacob’s eyes linger on William, unreadable, as the silence

of the great hall deepens.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – JAMES’S SUITE –

NIGHT (1980)

The suite is quiet, lit only by the storm outside flashing

through the curtains. On the desk rests a framed

photograph of HARRY , proud and smiling in the grand

lobby in 1930 — the night the hotel was alive.

JAMES enters slowly, still wearing his formal suit. His

face carries the weight of years and responsibilities. He

crosses to the desk and picks up the photo.

JAMES
(whispering, voice breaking)

Father… everything I’ve done, I’ve done for you. For this

place. For our name.

He sets the photo down and looks up — catching his own

reflection in the mirror above the dresser.

At first, it is only himself — tired, aged, determined.

But then — in a FLASH of lightning — his reflection

changes.

Standing behind him in the mirror is THE MASKED

MAN.

Golden mask gleaming. Black cape rising and falling like

smoke.

James GASPS, spinning around — but the room is empty.

Only the storm rattles the windows.

His breath quickens. He stares back at the mirror.

The masked figure still lingers in the reflection, though

the room itself is bare.

JAMES

(terrified whisper)

No… not again…

Suddenly — BANG! The door swings open violently.

James jumps, clutching his chest.

JACOB (O.S.)

(firm but calm)

Mr. James.

James turns — it’s JACOB, the hotel’s manager, standing

in the doorway, composed as ever.

JACOB

Your guests are waiting in the dining hall. They’re eager

to meet the new owner.

James stares at him, pale, sweat beading on his brow.

JAMES

(collecting himself)

Yes… of course. I’ll be there shortly.

Jacob lingers a moment, studying James’s shaken

expression. His lips curl in the faintest, knowing smile.

JACOB

(quietly)

The Beaconsfield remembers, sir. Always.

He closes the door softly, leaving James alone in silence

once more.

James forces his trembling hands to straighten his tie. He

looks back at the mirror — but now, only his own

reflection stares back.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND

BALLROOM – NIGHT (1980)

The grand ballroom glows with candlelight and

chandeliers. The faded elegance of the Beaconsfield has

been carefully restored — flowers line the tables,

silverware gleams, and a string quartet plays softly in the

corner.

The room is filled with GUESTS, murmuring with

curiosity, glasses of wine in hand. Their whispers echo

through the hall, mixing admiration with unease at the

ancient hotel’s atmosphere.

At the far end, JAMES steps onto a small dais, his face

composed but his eyes haunted. He raises a glass,

commanding silence.

JAMES
Ladies and gentlemen… welcome.

(beat)

This hotel has endured storms, fire, and silence. Tonight,

it lives again. For you.

Applause fills the room. CHLOE and TYLER sit among

the guests, smiling proudly, while WILLIAM stands

apart, his expression unreadable, watching every word.

James lifts his glass higher.

JAMES
To the Beaconsfield Hotel. May its walls protect you…

and may its memories guide us.

The quartet swells with music, guests raise their glasses

— when suddenly —

BOOM! The chandeliers flicker violently. A gust of wind

blows through the room, extinguishing several candles.

The music STOPS.

Gasps ripple through the hall. Guests turn their heads in

confusion.

At the far end of the ballroom… the massive doors

CREAK OPEN by themselves.

And there he is.

THE MASKED MAN.

Golden mask gleaming. Black cape flowing. A sharp

KNIFE in his hand.

The room freezes. Glasses slip from trembling hands,

shattering against the marble floor.

CHLOE

(terrified, grabbing Tyler)

William… my God…

She pulls Tyler close, shielding him with her arms.

Guests whisper frantically.

GUEST 1

(whisper)

Is it… a costume?

GUEST 2

(voice shaking)

No… it’s him. The one from the stories.

James steps forward, his voice shaking but defiant.

JAMES
This is my hotel! Show yourself — who are you?!

The Masked Man tilts his head slowly, silent, watching.

His knife glimmers in the trembling light.

The guests panic, stumbling backward, chairs scraping

violently. Chloe clutches Tyler, her eyes darting in terror.

William suddenly grips her arm, his face pale — though

in his eyes, there is something darker… something

hidden.

WILLIAM
(quietly, almost to himself)

No… not here… not now…

The Masked Man takes one step forward. His polished

shoes ECHO like gunshots against the marble.

Gasps spread through the crowd.

TYLER
(terrified, whispering)

Mom… he’s looking at us…

The Masked Man’s golden mask turns slowly — its cold

gaze locking on William, Chloe, and Tyler.

The chandeliers swing violently overhead, casting

fractured light across the room. Shadows leap across the

walls, distorted and monstrous.

Suddenly — the candles BLOW OUT. Darkness

SWALLOWS the ballroom.

Screams erupt. Glass shatters. Chairs crash.

And through the chaos — the sound of metal scraping

against marble. The Masked Man dragging his knife.

Lightning FLASHES through the tall windows —

illuminating him for only an instant, standing in the center

of the ballroom like a phantom of gold and black.

When the thunder ROARS — he is gone.

The lights flicker back. Guests huddle together, trembling.

Chloe clings to Tyler, her eyes wide with terror.

James stands frozen at the dais, his chest heaving, his

voice breaking.

JAMES

(whispering)

He’s returned…

And William — standing rigid, silent — lowers his head.

In the chandelier’s reflection above him, for the briefest

moment, the golden mask flickers across his face.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND

BALLROOM – CONTINUOUS (1980)

The guests stand frozen in shock after the Masked Man’s

sudden disappearance. The chandeliers sway, the string

quartet instruments lie silent, and the air is thick with

dread.

Then — a SCREAM pierces the silence.

At the far corner of the ballroom, A GUEST collapses,

clutching his chest. Blood seeps through his white shirt.

Behind him, the MASKED MAN emerges from the

shadows, knife dripping crimson.

PANIC ERUPTS.

Guests SHRIEK, chairs topple, glass shatters. The once -

grand ballroom dissolves into chaos.

CHLOE

(screaming, clutching Tyler)

Run! Everyone, run!

TYLER

(crying out)

Mom! He’s coming closer!

JAMES leaps from the dais, trying to control the hysteria.

JAMES

(shouting)

Stay calm! Stay together —!

But his voice is drowned by terror. Guests push and

shove, rushing toward the exits. The chandeliers above

shake violently, casting fractured beams of light across the

carnage.

The Masked Man SLASHES another guest across the

back as they try to flee. Blood splatters the marble floor.

GUEST 2
(terrified)

He’s killing us all!

JACOB and EMILY rush into the room. Jacob’s face

hardens, while Emily freezes in horror.

JACOB
(to James, urgent)

Get them out! Now!

JAMES
(through gritted teeth)

Not until I stop him!

He charges forward, but the Masked Man vanishes into

the frenzy, moving like a phantom, his golden mask

glinting in the candlelight.

Another SHOUT — another guest falls, a crimson streak

marking the white tablecloths.

Chloe drags Tyler toward the exit, William close behind

them. But William’s eyes lock on the Masked Man, and

for an instant, it’s as if he’s staring at a mirror — a

reflection of his own darkness.

CHLOE
(pleading, pulling him)

William, please! Don’t stop — we have to get out!

The Masked Man suddenly appears directly in the center

of the ballroom, knife raised high. His silent gaze sweeps

over the fleeing guests like a predator among prey.

James steps between him and the terrified crowd.

JAMES
(defiant, shouting)

This ends tonight!

The Masked Man tilts his head slowly… then lunges

forward with terrifying speed.

Screams echo through the hall as the screen fills with

chaos — blood, broken glass, terrified faces.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND LOBBY –

NIGHT (1980)

The once -elegant lobby is chaos. Guests huddle in

frightened groups. Candlelight flickers. Blood trails stain

the marble from the massacre in the ballroom.

JACOB, the manager, rushes in with several staff

members — EMILY , two WAITERS, and a MAID. Their

faces are pale, their hands trembling.

They race toward the grand front doors. Jacob shouts.

JACOB

Open them! Hurry!

The waiters throw their weight against the massive

wooden doors. They rattle violently but do not budge. The

locks seem fused, as though welded by invisible hands.

WAITER 1

(panicking)

They won’t open! It’s like they’re sealed shut!

Jacob growls, pushing past them. He yanks at the handles,

slamming his shoulder into the wood. Nothing. Not even

an inch.

JACOB

(hoarse, sweating)

Impossible…

Emily runs to the reception desk, snatching up the old

telephone. She dials frantically — but only silence

answers. She tries again, slamming the receiver down.

EMILY
The line’s dead! All of them!

The maid pulls at the side doors. The waiters sprint to the

service exit. Nothing opens. One after another, the locks

refuse to move.

Panic spreads. Guests scream, some pounding on the

windows with fists and chairs. The glass does not crack.

CHLOE clutches TYLER in the corner, whispering

prayers, tears streaking her face.

CHLOE
(to William, terrified)

We can’t get out… we can’t get out!

William stares silently at the locked doors, his jaw

clenched, sweat dripping down his temple. His eyes

betray something darker — almost as if he expected this.

Jacob spins toward JAMES, his voice breaking with fear

and fury.

JACOB
(voice echoing)

We’re trapped. All of us. Every door, every window —

sealed!

James steps forward, pale, trembling but forcing control.

JAMES
Then we’ll break them down. We’ll find a way.

Jacob slams his hand against the marble counter, his

composure cracking.

JACOB
You don’t understand!

(beat, lowering his voice, terrified)

We’re locked inside this hotel… with a murderer.

Silence falls. The words hang in the air like a death

sentence. Guests gasp. Someone sobs loudly.

A long, eerie creak echoes from the ballroom corridor.

The sound of footsteps… slow, deliberate… approaching.

Everyone turns, frozen.

And then — in the flicker of candlelight — a faint gleam

of gold glints on the wall.

The Masked Man is still here. Watching. Waiting.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – MAIN

CORRIDOR – NIGHT (198 0)

The hotel has fallen into silence, broken only by distant

sobs and the pounding of terrified footsteps. Long, dimly

lit corridors stretch endlessly, lined with mirrors and

portraits that seem to watch every move.

A GROUP OF GUESTS — five men and women — rush

down the hall, clutching each other in panic. Their

footsteps echo as the chandeliers above flicker violently.

GUEST 1
(whispering, panicked)

We just need to find another exit… there has to be a way

out!

GUEST 2
(crying)

Every door is locked! We’re trapped!

Suddenly — the corridor lights SNAP OFF.

Darkness.

The guests freeze, their breath ragged. Then…

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.
Footsteps echo from the far end of the corridor. Slow.

Steady. Deliberate.

A faint gleam of gold flickers in the shadows.

The MASKED MAN emerges — silent, knife in hand, his

golden mask glowing faintly in the dark.

The guests SCREAM and scatter.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – SIDE CORRIDOR –

CONTINUOUS
Two guests sprint into a narrow passage, gasping for air.

GUEST 3
(whispering, trembling)

Hide! Hide!

They press themselves against a doorway, holding their

breath.

Silence.

Then — a faint metallic scrape.

The Masked Man’s knife DRAGS along the wall, sparks

flying.

The guests tremble, eyes wide.

Suddenly — he STRIKES. The knife plunges into

GUEST 3’s chest. A muffled cry. Blood spreads across his

shirt.

GUEST 4 screams, stumbling backward, slipping in the

blood. She scrambles down the hall, her cries echoing.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND

STAIRCASE – SAME TIME

Another group of guests flee down the massive staircase.

The chandeliers above sway, groaning under unseen

weight.

Halfway down, the Masked Man appears at the top, knife

glinting.

The guests SCREAM. One stumbles, falling down the

stairs. Another is caught mid -step as the Masked Man

descends, stabbing mercilessly.

The survivors shove past each other, desperate to escape.

Blood stains the marble steps.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – MIRRORED HALL –

CONTINUOUS

EMILY leads two terrified guests through a long hallway

lined with tall mirrors. Their reflections stretch

unnaturally in the dim light.

EMILY
(urgent whisper)

Don’t look back! Keep moving!

They rush forward — but in the mirrors, dozens of

reflections of the Masked Man appear, surrounding them

on all sides.

Emily gasps, spinning — but the real Masked Man steps

silently from the shadows, knife raised.

She pulls the guests into a side room, slamming the door

shut.

BANG! BANG! The Masked Man’s knife pounds against

the wood.

Emily sobs silently, holding the guests close.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND LOBBY –

SAME TIME

Panic spreads through the remaining survivors. Guests

scream, pounding at locked doors, huddling together.

JACOB and JAMES burst in, their faces grim, as the

chaos unfolds.

JACOB
(shouting over the screams)

He’s hunting them — one by one!

JAMES
(defiant, furious)

Then we stop running. We fight him.

The Masked Man suddenly appears at the far balcony,

looming above the lobby, golden mask gleaming. He

stares down at the terrified crowd, silent, his knife

dripping red.

The guests SCREAM again, scattering in every direction.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – DARK

CORRIDOR – NIGHT (1980)

The grand hotel has become a labyrinth of terror. The

once -polished corridors are smeared with blood,

overturned furniture, and shattered glass.

Doors are locked, but behind them, muffled sobs and

whispers can be heard — guests hiding, desperate to

survive.

JAMES and JACOB walk carefully, flashlights in hand,

their footsteps echoing.

JACOB
(low, tense)

Every corridor feels like a tomb.

James sweeps his light across the hallway — and freezes.

On the floor, the lifeless body of a young woman lies

sprawled, her eyes wide, a crimson slash across her chest.

Nearby, a man’s hand sticks out from behind an

overturned chair, blood pooling beneath it.

Jacob kneels, checking briefly, then shakes his head

grimly.

JACOB
(quietly)

Too late…

James swallows hard, his face pale but determined.

JAMES
We keep moving. There may still be survivors.

They continue deeper into the hotel. The storm outside

lashes against the windows, lightning flashing through the

stained glass, casting eerie shadows across the walls.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – LIBRARY – NIGHT

The heavy double doors CREAK open. Inside, the vast

library is lit only by the fire crackling faintly in the

fireplace. Rows of ancient books line the towering

shelves. Dust floats in the dim light.

At a large oak table sits MR. LANGLEY (70s), a

dignified man with white hair and tired eyes. His hands

rest on a walking cane.

James gasps, relief breaking through his fear.

JAMES

Mr. Langley…!

He rushes forward, kneeling beside the old man.

JAMES

(voice breaking, emotional)

I thought I’d lost you too.

Langley looks up, his eyes glistening.

LANGLEY

James… my boy. I couldn’t stay away. Not tonight. Not

from Beaconsfield.

James clasps his friend’s hand.

JAMES

It’s madness here, sir. The Masked Man is back. He’s

killing everyone.

Langley lowers his gaze, grief weighing heavy in his

voice.

LANGLEY

I know… I’ve already lost her. My Eleanor… my wife.

She’s gone.

(beat, trembling)

And when I heard the hotel had opened again, I felt her

presence calling me here. This is where we first met.

Where our story began.

James squeezes his hand, torn between sorrow and

urgency.

JAMES

I’m so sorry, sir. But you must understand — this place is

no longer safe. We’re trapped. Every door, every

telephone — dead. We’re locked inside with him.

Langley straightens, his eyes sharp despite his frailty.

LANGLEY

Then I will not hide, James. If this is where it ends for me,

it will end where it all began.

Jacob steps forward, his face tight with fear.

JACOB

Mr. Langley… you don’t understand. He’s not a man.

He’s a shadow. A curse that wears a golden mask.

Langley’s eyes harden. He grips his cane tightly.

LANGLEY

Then I will look him in the eye and face him. I will not

run from Beaconsfield.

James looks at his old friend, torn between admiration and

dread.

JAMES
(quiet, pleading)

Then promise me this, sir. Be careful. Stay close. The

Masked Man has taken too much from us already.

Langley nods solemnly, the firelight flickering across his

weathered face.

From the corridor outside comes a faint metallic sound —

the knife scraping along the wall.

The three men fall silent, their eyes darting toward the

dark doorway.

The Masked Man is near.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GUEST ROOM –

NIGHT (1980)

The storm outside rattles the windows. CHLOE sits on the

edge of the bed, holding TYLER tightly in her arms. The

boy trembles, his face buried against her chest.

The hotel is eerily silent, broken only by the distant

thunder and faint echoes of screams far down the

corridors.

TYLER
(whispering)

Mom… are we going to die here?

CHLOE
(softly, stroking his hair)

No, sweetheart. I won’t let anything happen to you. We

just have to stay quiet. We just have to stay together.

Suddenly — KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

The sound is sharp, urgent, rattling the door.

Chloe freezes, clutching Tyler tighter.

CHLOE
(whispering)

Don’t move. Don’t make a sound.

Another knock. Louder.

VOICE (O.S.)
(calm, eerie)

Please… help me.

Chloe’s eyes dart to the door. She hesitates, then slowly

gets up, keeping Tyler behind her. Her trembling hand

grips the doorknob.

CHLOE
(voice shaking)

Who’s there?

VOICE (O.S.)
My name is Maya. I’m a guest here… please, let me in.

Chloe hesitates. She cracks the door open just slightly.

Standing in the dim hallway is MAYA — a pale woman in

her 30s, her dark hair plastered to her face from the rain,

her eyes intense and unsettling. She smiles faintly, though

it doesn’t reach her eyes.

MAYA

(softly)

You must be Chloe. I… I didn’t know where else to go.

Everyone’s running. Everyone’s screaming. I’m so scared.

Chloe swallows hard, forcing a polite nod.

CHLOE

I’m… Chloe. And this is my son, Tyler.

Tyler peeks out from behind his mother’s dress, his wide

eyes fixed on Maya. He trembles.

As Chloe looks closer, her face pales in horror.

On Maya’s dress — streaks of blood. Fresh. Dark.

Smearing across the fabric.

CHLOE

(terrified whisper)

Oh my God…

Maya notices Chloe’s reaction. She looks down at her

bloodstained clothes — then back up, smiling strangely.

MAYA

It isn’t mine.

Chloe gasps, her breath catching. Her hand shoots

forward, slamming the door shut in Maya’s face.

CHLOE
(whispering fiercely to Tyler)

Stay back! Stay away from the door!

From outside — silence.

Then… a slow, deliberate KNOCK again.

MAYA (O.S.)
(calm, eerie whisper)

You can’t hide forever, Chloe.

Chloe pulls Tyler into her arms, her whole body shaking.

Tears streak her face as thunder ROARS outside.

The camera lingers on the locked door — as if something

unseen is still waiting there, patient and hungry.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND HALL –

NIGHT (1980)

The once -glorious Grand Hall is dimly lit, the chandeliers

swaying slightly from the storm outside. The walls echo

with distant screams and the pounding of rain on the

windows.

JAMES, JACOB, and MR. LANGLEY move cautiously

through the room. James gestures toward a heavy oak

door.

JAMES
(quietly, to Langley)

Stay here, sir. You’ll be safer in this room. We’ll come

back for you.

Langley, leaning on his cane, reluctantly nods.

LANGLEY
Be careful, James. This hotel swallows men whole.

James places a hand on the old man’s shoulder.

JAMES
I won’t let that happen to you. Not tonight.

Jacob pushes the door shut, leaving Langley behind.

James and Jacob turn toward the center of the Grand

Hall—only to stop in their tracks.

Standing in the shadows near the staircase is WILLIAM

JOHNSON. His sharp suit is rumpled, his face pale, but

his eyes burn with intensity.

He steps forward slowly.

WILLIAM
I want to help. Tell me what to do.

James exhales, relief softening his tense expression.

JAMES

Thank you, William. I knew I could count on you. You’re

a good man.

From the doorway, Langley reappears, his cane tapping

against the marble as he studies William with an

unblinking, serious gaze.

LANGLEY

(gravely)

You… you’re the son of Robert Johnson, aren’t you?

William straightens, his voice steady.

WILLIAM

Yes. Robert was my father.

Langley’s eyes narrow, his face clouded by memory.

LANGLEY

I remember him well. A man of precision. Silent,

careful… always watching. To many, he was a fine

manager. But to me… he was a mystery.

William’s jaw tightens. For a brief instant, something

darker flickers behind his eyes.

James quickly steps in, nodding with conviction.

JAMES

Robert was a great man. He kept this hotel alive when

others would have let it crumble. A true guardian of

Beaconsfield.

Langley’s stare lingers on William, sharp and probing, as

though trying to pierce through him. Finally, he nods

slowly, though unease shadows his face.

LANGLEY

Perhaps… perhaps so. But even the best men carry

secrets.

Lightning flashes through the tall windows, briefly

illuminating William’s face. For an instant, in the

fractured light — the faint shimmer of a golden mask

seems to overlay his features.

Jacob notices the flash, his expression stiffening, but says

nothing.

The storm outside intensifies, rattling the windows

violently. Somewhere deep in the hotel, a distant

SCREAM cuts through the night.

James turns to his companions, his expression grim.

JAMES

We don’t have much time. If we’re going to survive, we

need to find the others before he does.

They nod. Together, James, Jacob, and William step

deeper into the dark corridors of Beaconsfield — while

Langley watches them go, suspicion burning in his eyes.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – RESTAURANT –

NIGHT (1980)

The storm outside BOOMS as JAMES, JACOB, and

WILLIAM push through the heavy double doors into the

hotel restaurant.

The vast dining hall, once elegant, is now drenched in

horror. Tables are overturned, plates shattered, candles

snuffed out. The smell of smoke and blood fills the air.

On the tiled floor lie the bodies of the COOKS and the

HEAD CHEF — lifeless, butchered. Their white uniforms

stained crimson. Knives glint on the counters, some still

dripping.

Jacob stumbles back, covering his mouth in shock.

JACOB
(voice breaking)

God have mercy…

James clenches his fists, his eyes burning with fury.

JAMES
He’s not just haunting us. He’s slaughtering everyone.

William stares at the bodies, his face pale, his jaw

tightening. He grips the edge of a table, trembling.

WILLIAM
(urgent, panicked)

Chloe. Tyler. I need to find them.

James steps forward, placing a hand on his arm.

JAMES
We’ll find them together —

WILLIAM
(cutting him off, firm)

No! I have to go now. I can’t just stand here while they’re

alone.

James studies him for a moment, then nods reluctantly.

JAMES
All right. Go. Check on them. We’ll meet again in the

Grand Hall.

William nods quickly, his eyes flickering with something

unreadable. He turns and hurries out, vanishing into the

shadows of the corridor.

Jacob watches him go, frowning.

JACOB
(quietly, uneasy)

Something in him… unsettles me.

James exhales, eyes lingering on the bloodstained floor,

then looks toward the door William disappeared through.

JAMES

(whispering, resolute)

We all have our secrets. But right now… we need

survivors.

Thunder ROARS overhead, shaking the windows, as

James and Jacob steel themselves to push deeper into the

cursed hotel.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GUEST ROOM –

NIGHT (1980)

The storm outside rages, lightning flashing across the

windows. CHLOE kneels beside TYLER, tucking him

tightly under the blankets. The boy’s face is pale, eyes

wide with fear.

CHLOE
(soft, whispering)

Stay here, sweetheart. Lock the door behind me. No

matter what happens, don’t open it. Not for anyone but

me.

Tyler grabs her hand desperately.

TYLER
(pleading)

Don’t leave, Mom. Please.

Chloe forces a trembling smile, stroking his hair.

CHLOE
I’ll be right back. I promise.

She kisses his forehead, then slips out the door. The lock

clicks softly as Tyler obeys, leaving Chloe alone in the

dim corridor.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – HALLWAY –

CONTINUOUS

The corridor stretches into darkness, lit only by flickering

wall lamps. The carpet muffles Chloe’s careful steps as

she ventures forward, her breath quick and shallow.

The silence is suffocating. Only the distant rumble of

thunder breaks it.

Suddenly — a SHADOW shifts at the far end of the hall.

Chloe freezes.

From the darkness emerges MAYA. Her face pale, her

eyes cold, her hands trembling as she clutches a small

revolver. The weapon glints in the candlelight.

Chloe gasps, her heart racing.

CHLOE

(terrified whisper)

My God…

Maya’s lips curl into a faint, unsettling smile. She takes

one slow step forward — and then, as lightning flashes

across the windows, she vanishes.

Gone.

Chloe stares, breathless, her back pressed against the wall.

CHLOE
(whispering to herself, panicked)

Who is she? Why is she armed?

(beat, trembling)

Could she be working with him? With the Masked Man?

Her eyes dart nervously down the hall, but there is no sign

of Maya. Only silence.

The hotel seems to close in around her, the storm outside

pounding against the windows like a warning.

Chloe swallows hard, fighting her fear, and turns back

toward her son’s room — her every step quickened by the

thought that Maya may still be watching from the

shadows.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – HALLWAY –

NIGHT (1980)

The corridor stretches like a dark tunnel, its flickering

lamps barely holding back the shadows. CHLOE moves

quickly, her eyes darting around in terror.

She glances behind her, half -expecting MAYA or the

MASKED MAN to step from the darkness. Her breath

comes fast, shallow.

CHLOE
(whispering to herself)

Please… just let me get back to Tyler. Please…

Suddenly — a HAND rests gently on her shoulder.

Chloe gasps and spins around, pressing her back to the

wall.

Standing before her is WILLIAM. Her husband. His face

pale but calm, his eyes soft.

WILLIAM
(soothing)

Chloe… it’s me.

Chloe lets out a sob of relief, collapsing briefly against his

chest.

CHLOE
(crying)

William… thank God. I thought… I thought it was him.

Or that woman, Maya. She had a gun. She —

William hushes her, stroking her hair gently.

WILLIAM
(quietly)

It’s all right. I won’t let anyone hurt you. Not here. Not

tonight.

Chloe looks up at him, tears streaking her face.

CHLOE

But William, the doors… the phones… we’re trapped in

here with that monster. He killed the cooks, the guests —

William takes her chin softly, forcing her to meet his gaze.

WILLIAM

(steady, almost too calm)

Listen to me. As long as I’m here, you’re safe. Do you

trust me?

Chloe hesitates, searching his eyes. For a fleeting second,

in the flicker of lightning through the stained -glass

window, his face seems to blur — a faint shimmer of the

golden mask overlaying his features.

Chloe blinks, startled. William is normal again, staring at

her with concern.

CHLOE

(uncertain, whispering)

Of course I trust you…

William takes her hand firmly.

WILLIAM

Then stay close to me. No matter what happens, don’t let

go.

Together they move down the hallway, William leading,

Chloe clutching his arm.

But as the camera lingers on William’s face in the half -

light, his expression hardens — almost predatory. And in

the reflection of a cracked mirror on the wall… the

MASKED MAN’s golden mask stares back instead of

William’s face.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND HALL –

NIGHT (1980)

The storm still rages outside, lightning casting fractured

shadows through the stained -glass windows. The once -

proud Grand Hall has been transformed into a makeshift

refuge.

JAMES and JACOB move among a small group of

SURVIVORS, helping them sit on benches and

distributing blankets. Their pale, terrified faces reflect the

horror of what they’ve witnessed.

The great chandeliers sway overhead, their light dim and

trembling.

The massive double doors CREAK open.

WILLIAM enters, holding CHLOE’s hand firmly.

TYLER clings to her side, eyes wide, his face pale.

The survivors murmur quietly at the sight of them, some

relieved to see others alive. James steps forward quickly.

JAMES

(urgent)

Chloe, Tyler —thank God you’re safe.

Chloe nods, her voice shaky but grateful.

CHLOE

William found us… he brought us here.

James gives William a firm look of appreciation.

JAMES

You did the right thing. Every life we can gather here

matters.

William’s expression is calm, almost too calm. He nods

slowly, his eyes scanning the hall as though measuring

every shadow.

WILLIAM

(quiet, steady)

I need to go back out. There may be more. Survivors.

Chloe immediately tightens her grip on his arm, her voice

trembling.

CHLOE

No… William, please. Stay with us.

He cups her cheek gently, his eyes softening.

WILLIAM

I can’t. If there’s anyone left out there, I have to find

them. That’s the only way we’ll all make it through this

night.

Tears brim in Chloe’s eyes. She strokes his hand tenderly,

her voice breaking.

CHLOE

You’re… you’re a good man, William. I don’t know what

we’d do without you.

For a moment, William’s expression falters. Her words

hang in the air like a dagger, piercing through the mask he

wears — the mask of both man and monster.

Behind them, Langley watches silently, his sharp eyes

studying William with suspicion.

James nods firmly, gripping William’s shoulder.

JAMES

We’ll hold the hall. Bring back whoever you can… before

he finds them first.

William gives one last glance at Chloe and Tyler — then

turns, his silhouette framed by lightning through the tall

windows.

As he steps into the shadows of the corridor, the light

catches briefly on his face. For an instant, the golden

mask shimmers over his features before vanishing again

into darkness.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – MAIN

CORRIDOR – NIGHT (1980)

The corridor stretches endlessly, lit by flickering lamps.

The storm outside rattles the windows, thunder echoing

like distant drums.

JAMES and JACOB move carefully, their flashlights

cutting through the shadows. Their footsteps echo against

the marble floor, every sound magnified by the silence of

the cursed hotel.

JACOB
(low, tense)

Every time we turn a corner, I expect him to be there.

JAMES
(quiet, determined)

We can’t stop now. If there are survivors, we’ll find them.

They approach the old brass elevator at the end of the

hall. The doors are slightly open, light flickering from

within. A faint metallic creak echoes, like the elevator is

breathing.

James exchanges a wary glance with Jacob, then slowly

pulls the doors apart.

The beam of his flashlight reveals a horrific sight.

Inside the elevator lie the bodies of three guests —

sprawled across the floor, their throats slit, eyes frozen in

terror. Blood runs in dark streaks down the polished brass

walls.

Jacob staggers back, covering his mouth, choking on bile.

JACOB
(hoarse whisper)

God almighty…

James forces himself to step closer. Something on the

floor glints beneath the bodies. He crouches, his hand

trembling, and carefully pulls out a folded piece of paper,

stained with blood.

He unfolds it slowly. The handwriting is jagged, written in

crimson ink — or perhaps blood.

James reads aloud, his voice breaking:

JAMES
(whispering)

“You will die… just like your father.”

His breath catches. His flashlight trembles in his hand.

JACOB
(frowning)

Your father… Harry? The fire?

James’s face hardens, eyes burning with rage.

JAMES

Yes. He died in this hotel… and now this monster wants

me to join him.

A loud CLANG echoes through the shaft above them, as

if something heavy just moved on the cables.

Both men snap their heads upward.

Through the grating in the elevator ceiling, a faint gleam

of gold reflects in the darkness above.

The MASKED MAN is there, crawling silently along the

shaft.

James’s eyes widen in horror.

JAMES

(urgent, to Jacob)

Run! Now!

They slam the elevator doors shut and stumble back into

the corridor, hearts pounding.

The message still clutched in James’s hand, the words

seem to burn into his skin.

“You will die just like your father.”

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND HALL –

NIGHT (1980)

The storm outside shakes the stained -glass windows,

lightning flashing through them and scattering eerie

colors across the terrified faces of the SURVIVORS. The

once -proud hall is now a desperate shelter.

Some sit huddled on benches, clutching blankets. Others

whisper prayers or stare silently at the locked doors. The

chandeliers above sway gently, their crystals rattling.

In one corner, CHLOE sits with TYLER in her lap,

stroking his hair as he dozes fitfully. She looks exhausted,

her eyes darting to every shadow.

Across from her, ANNA (30s), a surviving guest, sits

trembling, clutching a cracked teacup in her hands.

Chloe leans toward her, whispering so the others cannot

hear.

CHLOE
(quiet, tense)

Anna… can I tell you something?

Anna nods shakily.

ANNA
Anything.

Chloe swallows hard, lowering her voice.

CHLOE
There’s a woman here… her name is Maya. I saw her, out

in the corridor. She had a gun.

Anna’s eyes widen, fear flashing across her face.

ANNA
A gun? Are you sure?

CHLOE
(whispering quickly)

I’m certain. She looked… wrong. Her eyes. The way she

moved. And her dress was stained with blood.

Anna gasps, clutching the teacup tighter.

ANNA
Oh God… you think she’s one of them?

Chloe nods, her voice trembling.

CHLOE
I don’t know. But what if she is? What if she’s not just a

guest? What if she’s working with him? With the Masked

Man?

Anna stares at her, horrified.

ANNA
If that’s true… then we’re not just trapped with one killer.

We’re trapped with two.

Chloe glances around nervously, pulling Tyler closer to

her chest.

CHLOE
(whispering, fierce)

Promise me, Anna. If you see Maya, don’t go near her.

Don’t trust her.

Anna nods quickly, her hands shaking.

Suddenly — BANG! One of the tall windows shudders

violently, as if struck from outside. The survivors

SCREAM, huddling closer together.

Tyler wakes with a cry, clinging to his mother. Chloe

presses her face to his hair, whispering.

CHLOE
(soft, trembling)

Shh, it’s all right. I won’t let anyone hurt you.

But as lightning flashes again, Chloe’s eyes flicker to the

far corner of the hall. For an instant, she thinks she sees a

shadow — the faint silhouette of a woman’s figure —

before it melts back into the darkness.

Was it Maya?

Or just her imagination?

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – SECURITY

ROOM – NIGHT (1 980)

The storm outside rattles the walls as JAMES and JACOB

move cautiously down a narrow service corridor. Their

flashlights slice through the dark until they reach a steel

door labeled SECURITY .

Jacob pushes it open. The hinges groan loudly.

Inside, the room is bathed in the pale glow of flickering

monitors. Rows of security screens show grainy black -

and-white images of the hotel: the ballroom, the kitchen,

the lobby… each one eerily empty, though shadows seem

to shift when no one moves.

Slumped across the main desk is the SECURITY

GUARD, his body motionless, his uniform soaked in

blood. A deep slash across his throat.

Jacob recoils, pressing a hand to his mouth.

JACOB
(whispering, horrified)

Not again… God, not again.

James steps forward, his face pale but set in grim

determination. He gently lifts the guard’s arm — and

finds a folded, bloodstained piece of paper clutched in his

dead hand.

He opens it slowly, his hands trembling. The jagged

handwriting is scrawled in crimson across the page.

JAMES
(reading aloud, voice shaking)

“You will die, James. Just like your father.”

The words echo through the small room, heavier than the

storm outside. James’s breath quickens, rage flashing in

his eyes.

JAMES
(furious, to himself)

Who is he? Who is this monster that haunts this hotel?

He’s been here since 1930… tormenting my family,

destroying everything my father built.

Jacob stares at the monitors, his face grim. One screen

flickers with static, then briefly shows the golden mask

staring directly into the camera before cutting back to

static.

JACOB
(hoarse, shaken)

It’s no coincidence. He knows you, James. He knows your

family. He knows your father.

James turns sharply, fists clenched.

JAMES
(angry, broken)

My father… Harry. He gave his life to this place. He died

in the fire. And now this… this phantom wants me to join

him.

Jacob steps closer, lowering his voice, eyes locked on

James.

JACOB
Then maybe he isn’t a phantom. Maybe he’s flesh and

blood. A man who’s been watching this hotel for decades.

A man who knows every corridor… every secret… every

sin.

James looks down at the bloodstained note again, his

voice trembling between fear and rage.

JAMES
(whispering)

Then he knows me. He’s coming for me.

A sudden CRACK of thunder makes the screens flicker

violently. For a brief second, all of them show the same

image: the Masked Man, standing in a hallway, golden

mask gleaming, knife in hand — staring directly at James.

The screens cut back to static.

Jacob and James exchange a horrified glance, realizing

the killer is closer than ever.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – OLD OFFICE –

NIGHT (1980)

The office is dim, shadows creeping across the walls from

the flickering desk lamp. Dust covers the old furniture,

and the storm outside rattles the windows violently.

JAMES and JACOB slip inside, closing the door and

leaning against it, breathing heavily. The muffled echo of

distant footsteps lingers in the corridor — the MASKED

MAN hunting.

James wipes the sweat from his brow, then moves to the

desk, staring at the faded photograph of his father

HARRY on the wall. His voice trembles but grows

stronger as he speaks.

JAMES
(quietly, pained)

My father… he was always a good man. Always fair,

always kind with the staff. But still… he and I made

enemies. Too many.

Jacob, pale, frowns deeply.

JACOB
Enemies? Who?

James turns, his eyes heavy with memory.

JAMES
Some men he had to fire. They stole from the hotel, broke

the rules, tarnished its name. They never forgave him.

And when he died in the fire, their hatred didn’t die with

him.

Jacob swallows, his voice low.

JACOB
And you?

James sighs, pacing the room. He opens a drawer and

pulls out a framed photograph. In it, GERALD FLYNN

stares coldly at the camera, dressed in a polished suit.

James sets the photo on the desk, his expression grim.

JAMES
This man. Gerald Flynn. A lawyer. At first, I thought he

was my salvation. He helped me rebuild this place when

everyone else wanted Beaconsfield to rot. I trusted him. I

believed in him.

Jacob leans closer, studying the photograph, uneasy.

JACOB
And then?

James’s jaw tightens, his voice lowering.

JAMES
(angry, bitter)

Then I saw who he really was. A man of no conscience. A

liar. A predator.

(beat, shaking his head)

At first, I thought he was just a bad lawyer. But soon… I

had no choice. I had to fire him.

Jacob frowns.

JACOB
Why?

James hesitates, then looks Jacob directly in the eye, his

face hard with disgust.

JAMES

Because he and some of the staff he brought in… were

accused of abusing guests. Women who trusted this hotel.

My hotel.

Jacob’s eyes widen in horror.

JACOB

My God…

James slams the photo frame back onto the desk, his voice

breaking between rage and shame.

JAMES

I will never forgive myself for letting him through these

doors. For letting Beaconsfield fall into the hands of

monsters.

The room falls into heavy silence. The storm outside

ROARS, lightning flashing through the window,

illuminating James’s haunted face.

Then — a sudden BANG at the office door. The knob

rattles violently.

Both men freeze, hearts pounding.

JACOB

(terrified whisper)

It’s him. The Masked Man.

James grabs the photo of Gerald Flynn, staring at it one

last time, then throws it aside with fury.

JAMES

(whispering fiercely)

It doesn’t matter who’s behind the mask. He’s no different

from Flynn. No different from the rest of them.

The door shudders again, harder. Dust falls from the

ceiling.

The Masked Man is just outside.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – OLD OFFICE – NIGHT (1980)

The office door SHATTERS inward with a deafening

crash. The MASKED MAN bursts in, golden mask

gleaming in the dim light, knife raised.

JAMES

Run!

JAMES and JACOB throw the desk aside and rush out

the opposite door into the corridor. Their footsteps echo

as they sprint down the long hall.

Behind them, the Masked Man charges, his knife scraping

the walls, sparks flying.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – CORRIDOR – CONTINUOUS

James and Jacob race around a corner — and stop dead.

Another figure steps from the shadows.

A SECOND MASKED MAN.
Identical golden mask. Black cape. Knife glimmering.

James gasps, his eyes widening in horror.

JAMES
(hoarse whisper)

My God… there are two of them.

The first Masked Man closes in from behind. They are

trapped.

Suddenly — a GUNSHOT.

BANG!

Jacob cries out, staggering as a bullet rips through his

arm. Blood sprays across the corridor wall.

JACOB
(agonized scream)

Ahhh!

James grabs him before he collapses, dragging him

forward.

JAMES
Hold on, Jacob! Stay with me!

They stumble toward the grand staircase, Jacob bleeding

heavily. James half-carries him down the steps.

The Masked Men close in, their knives raised, footsteps

echoing closer and closer.

James braces himself, shielding Jacob —

When suddenly —

BANG! BANG!

Two sharp gunshots echo through the hall.

One of the Masked Men jerks back, hit in the chest,

staggering.

From the shadows at the top of the staircase steps

MAYA , the mysterious woman. Her pale face glows in

the lightning, her hands steady on the smoking revolver.

MAYA
(cold, steady)

Not tonight.

She FIRES again. The shot hits the first Masked Man,

forcing him back into the wall.

James stares at her in shock, torn between relief and

suspicion.

JAMES
(hoarse)

You… you saved us.

Maya lowers the revolver, her eyes dark, unreadable.

But before anyone can react — the second Masked Man

steps back into the shadows. In an instant, he vanishes

into the darkness of the hotel, leaving only silence.

James clutches Jacob, his chest heaving, as Maya

descends the stairs slowly, her gun still in hand.

JAMES
(breathless, shaken)

There are two of them… Two Masked Men…

Lightning flashes, illuminating Maya’s pale face. She

gazes at James with a chilling calm.

MAYA

(quietly)

Now do you believe me when I say this hotel is cursed?

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND

STAIRCASE LANDING – NIGHT (1980)

The storm continues to rage outside. Rain lashes against

the tall stained -glass windows. The flickering chandeliers

cast broken shadows across the blood -stained marble

floor.

JAMES leans heavily against the railing, holding the

wounded JACOB, who groans in pain, his arm soaked in

blood.

MAYA steps down the staircase slowly, revolver still in

hand, her face calm, almost unreadable.

James looks up at her, his voice hoarse but sincere.

JAMES

Thank you… You saved us. Everyone in this hotel

thought you were a killer, just like the Masked Man.

Maya lowers her weapon, tilting her head slightly, a faint,

eerie smile on her lips.

MAYA
(chuckling softly)

Yes… I could see it in their eyes. Fear. Suspicion. They

all thought I was the monster in the shadows.

James tightens his grip on Jacob, glaring at her warily.

JAMES
Then who are you, really?

Maya steps closer, her heels clicking against the marble,

her laugh echoing strangely in the vast hall.

MAYA
My name is Maya. And no, James… I am no assassin.

(beat, lowering her voice)

I am an agent of the FBI.

James’s eyes widen, disbelief and confusion battling

across his face.

JAMES

FBI?
Maya nods, her smile fading into grim seriousness.

MAYA
For years I have been investigating the legend of the

Masked Man. Not just me — Scotland Yard in London,

too. We’ve tracked whispers, reports, deaths — all

connected to this place. The Beaconsfield.

She glances around the great hall, her expression dark.

MAYA

And tonight I’ve seen with my own eyes… the truth. He’s

no ghost. No myth. He is real. A man. A murderer hiding

behind that golden mask.

Thunder BOOMS outside as her words hang in the air.

James shakes his head, struggling to process.

JAMES

(whispering)

All this time… I thought it was a curse. A shadow

haunting my family since my father died in the fire.

Maya steps closer, looking him directly in the eyes.

MAYA

No curse, James. Only flesh and blood. A man who

bleeds, a man who kills… and a man who knows your

family well.

Jacob groans in pain, clutching his wound.

JACOB

(weak, trembling)

Then why hasn’t he stopped? Why keep killing, decade

after decade?

Maya’s eyes narrow.

MAYA
Because this hotel holds secrets. Secrets worth killing for.

And the man behind the mask… will do anything to

protect them.

James’s jaw tightens, fury burning in his eyes. He helps

Jacob stand, his voice steady despite the storm raging

outside.

JAMES
Then we find him. We tear that mask off his face… and

we end this.

Maya cocks her revolver, her expression fierce.

MAYA
(quietly, deadly calm)

Agreed.

Lightning flashes, illuminating the three of them —

James, Jacob, and Maya — united in purpose, standing

against the faceless terror that stalks the Beaconsfield.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – STAIRCASE

LANDING / UPPER FLOOR – NIGHT (1980)

The storm outside rattles the windows violently.

Lightning flashes illuminate the long staircase as JAMES

climbs slowly, his heart pounding. Beside him walks

MAYA, revolver still in her hand, her face calm but tense.

They reach the upper landing. The air is thick with smoke,

dust, and the faint scent of blood. At the far end of the

hall, a figure is slumped in a chair — tied tightly with

ropes. His chest rises and falls raggedly. A golden mask

glimmers on his face.

James stops, frozen, his breath catching.

JAMES
(whispering, shaken)

My God… you caught him.

Maya nods firmly.

MAYA
I told you, James. I shot the first Masked Man. He wasn’t

the true killer… only an accomplice. I bound him here for

you.

James swallows hard, his fists clenching.

MAYA
(serious, steady)

This is your chance. Do you want to see who’s been

hiding behind the mask?

James stares at the figure, trembling. Slowly, he steps

forward, his hand shaking as he reaches out. He grips the

mask — and pulls it away.

The mask clatters to the floor.

Beneath it, the pale, bloodied face of GERALD FLYNN

is revealed.

James stumbles back, his eyes wide in horror.

JAMES
(staggered, broken)

Gerald… my God… You?

Gerald lifts his head weakly, his lips curling into a cruel,

satisfied smile despite his wounds.

GERALD
(hoarse, mocking)

Yes… James. Surprised to see me?

JAMES
(furious, devastated)

Why? Why would you join him? Why would you become

one of them?

Gerald coughs, blood on his lips, but his eyes burn with

hatred.

GERALD
(venomous)

Because you betrayed me. You fired me. After everything

I did for this hotel… for you…

JAMES
(angry, shaking)

I fired you because you were stealing from Beaconsfield!

You bled this place dry, Gerald.

Gerald laughs bitterly, the sound rattling in his chest.

GERALD
(weak, smirking)

And you think you’re pure? You think you’re safe? I don’t

care if I rot in prison. Because you… you will die. The

true Masked Man will finish what I started.

James staggers, horrified by his words.

JAMES
(whispering, broken)

There’s… another one?

Maya steps forward, her revolver raised, her voice cold.

MAYA
Your game is over, Gerald. You’ll face justice.

Gerald glares at her, his smile widening despite the blood

soaking his chest.

GERALD
Justice? No… my justice is already done.

His head tilts back. He lets out one last rasping laugh.

Then, as the storm roars outside, his body goes still. His

eyes glaze over, frozen with malice.

James exhales sharply, trembling, and kneels, closing

Gerald’s eyes with a heavy hand.

JAMES
(softly, shaken)

Even in death… you’re poisoned by your hatred.

Maya holsters her weapon, her voice calm but urgent.

MAYA
Gerald Flynn may be gone… but the real Masked Man is

still out there. And now he knows we’re coming for him.

James rises slowly, his eyes dark with resolve.

JAMES
Then we finish this. Tonight.

The camera lingers on Gerald’s lifeless body — the

golden mask lying on the floor beside him — before

pulling back to James and Maya, framed against the

storm -lit windows, preparing to face the final terror.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND HALL –

NIGHT (1980)

The storm rages outside, rattling the stained -glass

windows of the grand hall. The chandeliers flicker,

casting jagged shadows over the terrified SURVIVORS

huddled together.

The heavy doors creak open. JAMES enters, supporting

the wounded JACOB, whose arm is wrapped in a

makeshift bandage, blood seeping through. Behind them

walks MAYA, revolver holstered at her side, her eyes

sharp and alert.

The survivors react instantly — gasps, cries of fear,

people backing away.

At the front, CHLOE clutches TYLER tightly, her eyes

widening in horror.

CHLOE
(terrified, shouting)

No! What is she doing here? This woman is dangerous!

She’s with him — with the Masked Man!

The survivors murmur in panic, some pointing accusingly

at Maya.

James raises his hand, his voice firm but strained.

JAMES
Stop! Listen to me! She’s not a killer.

James gently sets Jacob down on a bench, then turns back

to the crowd.

JAMES
This is Maya. She saved our lives. She’s not one of them.

She’s an FBI agent.

The words ripple through the hall, the survivors staring in

shock.

Chloe shakes her head, her voice breaking with fear.

CHLOE
But… I saw her. I saw her in the corridors with blood on

her clothes, with a gun in her hand… how can we trust

her?

James steps forward, his voice heavy but resolute.

JAMES
Because I was there. I saw it. She shot one of the Masked

Men. She saved me… and Jacob. Without her, we’d both

be dead.

Maya stands still, letting James defend her, her expression

unreadable. Finally, Chloe lowers her gaze, holding Tyler

closer.

CHLOE
(softly, ashamed)

I… I’m sorry. I was afraid. I thought you were one of

them.

Maya steps forward, her eyes softening just slightly.

MAYA
Fear makes enemies out of friends. I don’t blame you,

Mrs. Johnson.

She glances at Tyler, then back at Chloe.

MAYA
I’m not here to hurt anyone. I’m here to stop the real

killer.

The survivors exchange nervous glances. Some seem

reassured; others remain doubtful.

Maya squares her shoulders, addressing the entire hall.

MAYA
I’ve been investigating the Masked Man for years — with

the FBI and Scotland Yard. I can tell you this: he’s no

ghost, no legend. He’s a man. Flesh and blood. And he’s

inside this hotel with us right now.

The words send a chilling silence across the hall.

Jacob groans in pain, clutching his bandaged arm.

JACOB
(weak)

Then we need to get out. Before he finishes what he

started.

Maya nods, her voice sharp and commanding.

MAYA
Exactly. I’ll search this place. There has to be a way out

— a service exit, a broken window, anything. I’ll find it.

And if I can, I’ll get help.

Chloe takes a deep breath, then steps forward, her hand

trembling as she extends it toward Maya.

CHLOE
(quiet, sincere)

I misjudged you. Please… forgive me.

Maya studies her for a moment, then accepts the gesture

with a small nod.

MAYA
What matters now is survival. All of us.

James looks at the survivors — the fear in their eyes, the

exhaustion in their faces — and then back to Maya.

JAMES
If there’s even a chance we can get out… you’re our best

hope.

Maya nods firmly, glancing at her revolver, then at the

great locked doors of the hall.

MAYA
Then I’ll do whatever it takes. But remember this… until

we stop him, none of us are safe.

The camera lingers on Chloe holding Tyler tightly, James

standing over Jacob protectively, and Maya watching the

hall with cold determination — the fragile line between

trust and fear holding them all together.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND HALL –

NIGHT (1980)

The chandeliers flicker overhead. Survivors murmur

quietly in corners, clutching blankets and whispering

prayers as the storm beats against the stained -glass

windows.

Near the fireplace, JAMES sits alone, hunched over with

a photograph clutched tightly in his hands. The image:

HARRY , his father, smiling proudly in front of the hotel

decades ago. James’s eyes glisten with sorrow as he traces

the frame with his fingers.

A gentle voice breaks the silence.

LANGLEY (60s), dignified though weary, approaches

slowly with a kind but somber expression.

LANGLEY

(softly)

James… I still miss him too. Your father was a good man.

James looks up, startled, then lowers his gaze, his voice

low and heavy.

JAMES

I try to keep him close. But the more this place bleeds, the

further away he feels.

Langley sits down beside James, his eyes distant, as if

looking back into time.

LANGLEY
It was through him that I met Eleanor. She worked for

your father, remember? Sweet, kind Eleanor.

(beat, his voice softening)

I remember that day as if it were yesterday. Now… she’s

gone. And I tell myself she’s with him… with Harry… in

heaven.

James closes his eyes briefly, pain flickering across his

face.

JAMES
I’m so sorry, Langley.

Langley rests a hand on James’s shoulder, his voice warm

but firm.

LANGLEY
Don’t be sorry. Your father… and you… you’ve always

been my family. That will never change.

James finally allows himself a faint smile, touched.

JAMES
You’ve always been a great friend, Langley. More than a

friend.

Langley nods, his eyes soft with emotion.

LANGLEY

And you, James… you’re stronger than you think. You

carry his spirit. That’s why Beaconsfield still stands.

A moment of silence hangs between them, broken only by

the sound of thunder shaking the glass.

Langley rises slowly, his joints stiff but his dignity intact.

LANGLEY

I should go up to my suite. Gather a few things… clothes,

memories. Whatever may come tonight, I don’t want to

lose them.

James looks up sharply, concern flickering in his eyes.

JAMES

Be careful, Langley. The Masked Man is still out there.

Langley straightens, giving James a reassuring smile

tinged with sadness.

LANGLEY

I’ll be fine, my boy. I’ve lived a long life. If this place is

to be my end… at least it will be where my Eleanor once

walked.

James swallows hard, forcing a nod.

JAMES

Go, then. But promise me you’ll return quickly.

Langley places a hand over James’s heart, his voice low

and steady.

LANGLEY
You and your father will always be my family. Don’t ever

forget that.

With that, Langley turns and walks slowly toward the

grand staircase, his shadow stretching long across the

flickering hall.

James watches him go, a heavy sense of dread settling

over him. He clutches his father’s photograph tighter,

whispering under his breath.

JAMES
Please… come back, old friend.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – LANGLEY’S SUITE – NIGHT

(1980)

The storm howls outside, rain pelting against the tall

window. The suite is quiet, almost peaceful compared to

the chaos below.

MR. LANGLEY enters slowly, his steps heavy. The

room is filled with faint memories — a scarf on the chair,

an old perfume bottle on the dresser, photographs on the

nightstand.

He crosses the room and picks up a framed

PHOTOGRAPH OF ELEANOR , his beloved late wife.

He holds it tenderly, his hands trembling, his eyes filling

with tears.

LANGLEY
(softly, with love)

Eleanor… my dear… I feel you tonight more than ever.

Soon, I’ll be near you again, my great love.

He presses the photograph against his chest, closing his

eyes as if to embrace her memory.

Suddenly — a SHADOW flickers across the wall.

Langley opens his eyes slowly, his expression calm,

almost resigned.

From the darkness of the suite steps the MASKED MAN ,

his golden mask glinting in the lightning, his black cape

dragging across the floor. In his hand gleams a revolver,

raised and steady.

Langley does not flinch. He straightens his posture,

clutching Eleanor’s photo tightly to his chest, and meets

the killer’s gaze with quiet dignity.

LANGLEY
(calm, firm)

Go ahead. Kill me if you must. But know this… I will go

to heaven, to my Eleanor.

(beat, voice sharp with defiance)

And you… you will rot in hell, consumed by your hatred.

The Masked Man tilts his head slowly, as if considering

Langley’s words. Then — without hesitation — he pulls

the trigger.

BANG!

The gunshot echoes through the suite.

Langley gasps, his chest exploding in pain. He staggers

backward, collapsing to the floor. But even as life leaves

him, he clutches Eleanor’s photograph tightly in his hand,

refusing to let go.

His lips tremble with one last whisper.

LANGLEY

(weak, fading)

Eleanor… I’m coming home.

His hand falls still. The photograph rests gently on his

chest as his eyes glaze over, peaceful at last.

The Masked Man stands over him, silent, his golden mask

reflecting the lightning from the window. Then, without a

word, he vanishes into the shadows, leaving only death

behind.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND HALL – NIGHT (1980)

The survivors huddle together, whispering in fear. The

chandeliers flicker as thunder rattles the stained -glass

windows.

JAMES paces anxiously near the fireplace, his face pale

with worry. CHLOE clutches TYLER , and the others

look on nervously.

WILLIAM steps forward, his expression calm, his arm

wrapped around Chloe protectively.

WILLIAM
James, you look troubled. What’s wrong?

James exhales sharply, glancing toward the grand

staircase.

JAMES
Langley’s been gone too long. He said he was only going

to his suite for a moment. Something isn’t right.

Jacob limps forward, clutching his bandaged arm.

JACOB
We should go after him.

James turns to William, placing a hand on his shoulder,

his voice firm.

JAMES

William… stay here. Watch over them. Keep everyone

calm.

William nods solemnly.

WILLIAM
Of course. I’ll protect them. You have my word.

Chloe looks at James, her voice trembling.

CHLOE
James, please… be careful.

James forces a reassuring smile, though dread weighs

heavy in his eyes.

JAMES
I’ll bring him back. I promise.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY –

NIGHT
The hallway is eerily silent, long and shadowy. Only the

flicker of weak sconces lights the way.

JAMES and JACOB move cautiously, their footsteps

muffled against the carpet. The storm rumbles above,

each thunderclap echoing through the empty corridor.

James’s jaw tightens, his voice low.

JAMES
I don’t like this. Not one bit.

Jacob nods, his face grim.

JACOB
Neither do I.

At the far end of the hallway, a single door stands slightly

ajar — Langley’s suite. It creaks gently with the draft, a

haunting invitation.

James and Jacob exchange a fearful glance. Slowly,

James pushes the door open.

INT. LANGLEY’S SUITE – NIGHT

Lightning flashes through the tall window, bathing the

room in a cold, white glow.

On the floor, crumpled near the bed, lies MR.

LANGLEY . His lifeless body rests on the carpet, one

hand clutching tightly to the photograph of Eleanor ,

pressed against his chest.

James freezes in the doorway, his breath catching in his

throat.

JAMES
(whispering, horrified)

No… no, no…

He rushes forward, falling to his knees beside Langley.

He gently lifts the man’s shoulders, shaking him, but

Langley’s eyes are glassy, his body limp.

JAMES
(shouting, broken)

Langley! Please, no! Don’t leave me too!

Jacob steps inside, his face pale, voice trembling.

JACOB
(softly)

Dear God… he’s gone.

James’s tears stream freely as he clutches Langley’s body,

his hand brushing against the photograph of Eleanor. He

takes the photo and sees the smiling woman’s face,

cracked under the shattered glass of the frame.

JAMES
(voice breaking)

He died holding her… even at the end, she was with him.

Jacob lowers his head, grief heavy in his voice.

JACOB
The Masked Man was here. He did this.

James lays Langley gently back on the floor, folding his

hands over the photo. His own face hardens with fury, his

grief turning into resolve.

JAMES
(whispering through clenched teeth)

I swear… this ends tonight. For Langley. For my father.

For everyone.

Thunder CRASHES outside as James and Jacob rise

slowly, the camera lingering on Langley’s peaceful face,

the photograph of Eleanor resting against his chest.

FADE OUT.

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INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND HAL L –

NIGHT (1980)

The storm rages outside, rain hammering the stained -glass

windows of the Grand Hall. Inside, the atmosphere is

tense. Survivors huddle together, whispering in fear. Some

sit on benches, others on the floor, their faces pale with

exhaustion.

At the center, CHLOE cradles TYLER, brushing his hair

back gently as he drifts in and out of restless sleep. She

keeps glancing at the great double doors, waiting for

James and Jacob to return.

WILLIAM paces nearby, his face lined with worry.

Finally, he steps toward Chloe, lowering his voice so only

she can hear.

WILLIAM

Chloe… I can’t sit here any longer. James has been gone

too long. I need to see if he’s all right.

Chloe looks up at him sharply, fear in her eyes.

CHLOE

But William… what if the Masked Man is still out there?

What if you don’t come back?

William kneels beside her, gently touching her arm. His

voice is soft but steady, full of conviction.

WILLIAM
Then at least I will have tried. James is my friend, and if

he’s in danger, I won’t let him face it alone.

Chloe swallows hard, her eyes shimmering with tears. She

studies her husband’s face, the determination in his eyes,

and then she nods slowly.

CHLOE
(whispering, tender)

You’re a good man, William. A noble man.

William smiles faintly, leaning in to kiss her forehead.

WILLIAM
Stay here with the survivors. Keep Tyler safe. That’s all I

ask.

Chloe clutches his hand tightly, as though afraid to let him

go.

CHLOE
Promise me you’ll come back.

William hesitates for the briefest moment, then squeezes

her hand firmly.

WILLIAM

I promise.

He rises, straightens his coat, and glances around the hall.

Survivors watch him with quiet respect, some even relief,

as though believing he is a protector.

Chloe’s eyes follow him as he strides to the great doors.

CHLOE
(softly, to herself)

Be safe…

The heavy doors creak open, thunder booming as William

disappears into the dark corridor beyond.

The survivors murmur anxiously, Chloe hugging Tyler

closer as she stares at the door with dread.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – CORRIDOR

OUTSIDE THE GRAND HALL – CONTINUOUS

The corridor is long and dimly lit, the storm casting

jagged shadows through cracked windows. William walks

slowly, his footsteps echoing.

For a moment, his face is calm, noble — the mask of a

devoted husband and protector.

But as the lightning flashes across his features, his

expression hardens. His jaw clenches. His eyes narrow,

sharp and calculating.

A faint glimmer of something metallic peeks from

beneath his coat.

The storm roars as William disappears deeper into the

corridor, swallowed by darkness.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – CORRIDOR –

NIGHT (1980)

The long hallway groans with every gust of wind, the

storm outside rattling the windows. JAMES and JACOB

walk slowly, their footsteps echoing on the carpet. Jacob

clutches his injured arm, pale but determined, while

James keeps glancing around, tense, his jaw clenched.

JACOB

(whispering)

We should get back to the others. They’ll be frightened

without you there.

James nods, but unease lingers in his eyes.

JAMES

Something feels wrong… too quiet.

They turn the corner toward the Grand Hall.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND HALL –

NIGHT

The survivors sit together, whispering nervously. Chloe

keeps Tyler close, her eyes fixed on the grand doors.

Relief flickers across her face when she sees James and

Jacob returning.

But then —

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Gunshots rip through the hall. Three terrified

SURVIVORS scream and collapse, blood soaking the

marble floor. Chaos erupts instantly — people shrieking,

scrambling, tripping over benches to escape.

Standing in the doorway, framed by lightning, is the

MASKED MAN. His golden mask gleams in the

flickering light, a revolver smoking in his hand. His cape

drags across the bloodstained floor as he steps forward,

calm, unstoppable.

James freezes in horror.

JAMES

(hoarse, furious)

No!

Before he can react, the Masked Man lunges at him with

shocking speed. The gun clatters to the floor as he grabs

James by the arm, twisting it violently. James grunts in

pain, struggling, but the killer overpowers him with brute

force.

With swift, practiced movements, the Masked Man

shoves James into a chair and pulls a thick rope from

beneath his cloak.

JAMES
(struggling, shouting)

Let me go!

The Masked Man says nothing. His golden mask tilts

slightly, reflecting James’s own terrified face as he ties his

arms tightly to the wooden chair.

Jacob tries to rush forward, but the killer swings the

revolver back up, aiming directly at him. Jacob freezes,

raising his hands, his injured arm trembling.

The hall is in chaos — survivors pounding on the locked

doors, Chloe screaming as she shields Tyler, Maya pulling

her revolver but unable to get a clear shot through the

panicked crowd.

James thrashes against the ropes, his voice breaking with

fury.

JAMES
(screaming)

Coward! Take off that mask and face me!

The Masked Man leans closer, silent, his golden mask

inches from James’s face. For a long, unbearable moment,

he simply stares.

Then, without a word, he straightens, revolver still in

hand, turning slowly toward the cowering survivors.

The hotel plunges deeper into terror, the storm roaring

outside as the body count rises.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND HALL –

NIGHT (1980)

The hall is chaos. Survivors scream and cry, huddled in

corners as the storm rattles the windows. JAMES is tied

to a chair in the center of the room, sweat dripping down

his face as he struggles against the ropes.

The MASKED MAN stands before him, golden mask

glinting in the lightning. Slowly, with deliberate

movements, he raises his hands to his face.

The hall falls into a tense silence.

With a chilling slowness, he removes the golden mask.

Gasps erupt from the survivors. CHLOE clutches Tyler to

her chest, her face draining of all color.

CHLOE

(horrified, trembling)

William…?

The Masked Man — now revealed — smiles coldly. It is

WILLIAM JOHNSON.

James’s breath catches, his voice breaking in disbelief.

JAMES

(shaken)

No… William… It was you? You’re the true Masked

Man?

William steps closer, his eyes burning with rage and

bitterness.

WILLIAM

Yes, James. All this time, it was me. Do you want to know

why?

James stares at him, fear and fury mingling.

JAMES

(hoarse, desperate)

Why, William? Why do this?

William straightens, his voice filled with venom.

WILLIAM

Because many years ago, your father Harry never gave

value to mine. Robert Johnson — the man who kept this

hotel alive in its darkest days — was cast aside. After

Harry died, you humiliated him further. You fired him,

James. My father. Robert Johnson, the ex-manager of this

hotel.

Chloe’s face crumples with disbelief.

CHLOE

(crying)

No… this can’t be true.

James shakes his head furiously.

JAMES

I had no choice! I dismissed Robert — along with Gerald

Flynn — because they were stealing from the hotel! They

were accused of theft and of abusing innocent guests.

That’s why they were removed!

William’s smile turns twisted, his eyes glimmering with

hatred.

WILLIAM

You think you know the truth? You know nothing, James.

Do you want to know who murdered your father? Who

was the real Masked Man of 1930?

James freezes, his chest heaving.

JAMES

(whispering)

Who?

William steps closer, leaning down until his face is inches

from James’s.

WILLIAM

It was my father. Robert Johnson. He set this hotel on fire.

He killed your father. He was the Masked Man long

before me.

The survivors gasp in shock. Chloe covers her mouth, her

eyes wide with horror.

William straightens, holding up the golden mask.

WILLIAM
I inherited his legacy. I took the mask of my father… and

I became what he was. The shadow of Beaconsfield.

James shakes his head violently, his eyes filled with grief

and rage.

JAMES
(angrily, shouting)

You… You’re a monster, William! You dishonor your

father’s sins by repeating them!

William smirks, his voice icy.

WILLIAM
I am not the monster, James. You are. You and your father

destroyed mine.

Chloe, trembling, finally finds her voice. She stares at

William, her husband, with tears streaming down her face.

CHLOE
(crying, broken)

My God… I married a monster.

William turns toward her, his face dark, his voice almost

tender but filled with madness.

WILLIAM

No, Chloe. You married a man who carries the truth. A

man who will make the world remember the name

Johnson.

The storm roars louder outside, thunder crashing as Chloe

clutches Tyler, sobbing, while James struggles furiously

against his ropes.

The golden mask gleams in William’s hand — a cursed

legacy passed from father to son.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND HALL –

NIGHT (1980)

The survivors are huddled together, trembling. JAMES is

tied to a chair in the center of the room, sweat pouring

down his face as he struggles against the ropes.

WILLIAM, the golden mask now clutched in his hand,

stands tall and menacing, his revolver glinting under the

flickering chandeliers.

Lightning crashes through the stained-glass windows as

William takes a step closer to James.

WILLIAM
(venomous, loud)

Just as your father Harry burned in the flames… so will

you, James! Tonight, you will join him in fire and ashes!

William FIRES his revolver into a wall of heavy drapes.

Instantly, the velvet ignites. Flames spread rapidly,

climbing toward the ceiling.

The survivors SCREAM. Panic erupts. Some rush to the

locked doors, pounding desperately. Others collapse to the

floor, sobbing as the smoke thickens.

James struggles violently in his chair, coughing from the

smoke.

JAMES
(hoarse, furious)

William! You don’t have to do this!

But William only laughs, tossing a lit lantern onto a rug.

The fire ROARS, devouring the floor and spreading fast.

WILLIAM
You will burn, James. Just like your father.

Chloe, clutching TYLER tightly, screams in terror. But as

she sees the flames consuming the hall, her gaze locks on

the revolver William carelessly left on the floor while

feeding the fire.

With trembling hands, she sets Tyler down behind a bench

for safety. Her face is pale, tears streaming down her

cheeks.

CHLOE
(whispering to herself)

Forgive me, my son…

She rushes forward, snatching the revolver from the floor.

Survivors gasp as she backs into a corner, raising the

weapon — not at William, but at herself.

JAMES
(struggling, horrified)

Chloe! No! Don’t do this!

Chloe’s eyes are wild with grief and shame. She turns her

gaze to William, her voice breaking with rage and sorrow.

CHLOE
(screaming)

You… you lied to me! You made me love you! I bore

your child… and all this time, you were a monster!

William freezes, shock flickering across his face.

WILLIAM
Chloe… don’t —

Chloe presses the barrel to her temple, tears streaming

down her cheeks.

CHLOE

(crying, broken)

I can’t live knowing I was married to a murderer.

Knowing the father of my son is the Masked Man…

James thrashes against his ropes, screaming.

JAMES

(pleading, desperate)

Chloe, no! Tyler needs you! Don’t leave him! Please!

But Chloe shakes her head, her voice trembling.

CHLOE

(whispering)

I’d rather die than live with this shame.

BANG!

The gunshot echoes through the hall. Chloe crumples to

the floor, the revolver slipping from her hand, blood

pooling beneath her head.

Tyler SCREAMS, breaking free from behind the bench,

running toward his mother’s lifeless body.

TYLER

(sobbing)

Mommy! No! Mommy!

James lets out a guttural cry of anguish, his entire body

shaking with rage and grief as he stares at Chloe’s body.

JAMES

(screaming)

WILLIAM!!!

William stands frozen for a moment, his mask dangling

from his hand, shock briefly breaking his madness. But

then his face hardens again, and he stares coldly at James.

The fire roars higher, consuming the grand hall, smoke

choking the survivors as they scatter in terror.

James’s heart is shattered — his best friend turned into a

monster, his father’s killer unmasked, and now Chloe

dead by her own hand.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND HALL –

NIGHT (1980)

Flames climb the velvet drapes, chandeliers crash to the

floor, and smoke fills the once -proud hall. Survivors

cough and scream, pressing against the locked doors,

desperate to escape. The heat is unbearable.

JAMES, still tied to the chair, struggles violently against

the ropes as the fire licks closer. Tears streak down his

soot-stained face as he stares at CHLOE’S lifeless body

nearby, Tyler sobbing over her.

The fire ROARS louder, threatening to consume them

all—

Suddenly, the double doors BURST open with a

deafening crash.

MAYA storms in, flanked by a squad of POLICE

OFFICERS in heavy coats, guns raised.

MAYA
(shouting over the flames)

Get the survivors out! Now!

Two officers rush to untie James, dragging him to his feet.

Others shepherd the terrified survivors toward the newly

opened doors.

Maya advances through the smoke, her revolver trained

on the center of the hall where WILLIAM stands, his

golden mask clutched in one hand, firelight reflecting in

his wild eyes.

MAYA
(steady, commanding)

William Johnson! Drop the mask. Drop the gun. It’s over.

You’re under arrest.

William throws back his head and LAUGHS, the sound

chilling, echoing through the inferno.

WILLIAM
(laughing darkly)

Arrest me? You think chains can hold fire? You think

walls can contain hate?

Maya’s jaw tightens, her weapon unwavering.

MAYA

This ends tonight. Put your hands where I can see them!

William smirks, stepping closer to the flames, the heat

scorching his clothes. His eyes glint with madness.

WILLIAM

(voice rising)

You don’t understand! I am the fire! This hotel is my

blood, my father’s vengeance, my legacy!

James, coughing violently, pushes free from the officers,

shouting desperately.

JAMES

(yelling, broken)

William, stop! This madness killed my father, and now

it’s taken Chloe! Don’t let it take you too!

For a brief instant, William falters — his eyes flicker

toward Chloe’s lifeless body. But instead of remorse, a

twisted grin spreads across his face.

WILLIAM

(whispering)

Then we all burn together.

He spreads his arms wide, clutching the golden mask to

his chest, and lets out a final, maniacal laugh.

With a sudden step backward, he plunges into the inferno.

Flames engulf him instantly, his body swallowed by the

roaring fire. His laughter turns into a scream — then

silence.

The mask slips from his hand, falling into the flames,

glowing briefly before it melts into nothing.

Maya lowers her weapon slowly, her voice cold and

resolute.

MAYA

(quietly)

It’s over.

James collapses to his knees, trembling, as officers drag

him and the survivors toward safety. He clutches Tyler

tightly, shielding his son’s eyes from the sight of his

father burning.

The fire rages higher, consuming the Beaconsfield Hotel.

EXT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – NIGHT

The survivors stagger into the stormy night, coughing and

weeping as fire crews rush past them. The majestic

silhouette of the Beaconsfield burns like a funeral pyre,

flames devouring its history, its secrets, and its curse.

James, soot -stained and broken, holds Tyler in his arms.

Maya stands nearby, watching the flames with grim

determination.

FADE OUT.

EXT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – NIGHT (1980)

The Beaconsfield Hotel is an inferno. Flames devour the

once -grand structure, towers collapsing one by one into

showers of sparks. The night sky is painted orange by fire,

the smell of smoke and ash thick in the air.

Survivors stand at a safe distance, wrapped in blankets,

their faces pale and hollow with shock. Firefighters battle

the blaze, but the building is beyond saving.

JAMES stands apart from the others, his face streaked

with soot and tears, his eyes locked on the burning ruins.

His hands hang at his sides, clenched into fists, as if by

sheer will he could hold the building together. But it

crumbles anyway, brick by brick, m emory by memory.

Beside him, JACOB limps closer, his bandaged arm still

bleeding through. He studies James’s face for a long

moment before speaking, his voice quiet, almost

respectful.

JACOB

James… you’ve rebuilt it before. Will you rebuild it

again?

James doesn’t answer at first. He exhales slowly, the

firelight flickering in his eyes.

Finally, his voice emerges — low, heavy, and final.

JAMES

No. Not this time.

Jacob looks at him, startled.

JACOB

But the Beaconsfield… it’s your family’s name. Your

father’s dream.

James shakes his head slowly, his gaze never leaving the

collapsing structure.

JAMES

(quiet, firm)

It’s not a dream, Jacob. It’s a curse. This hotel has taken

everything from me. My father. My friends. My wife. All

devoured by its fire.

A deafening CRASH echoes as part of the roof collapses

inward, sending sparks and flames roaring higher into the

night sky.

James steps forward slightly, his eyes wet but burning

with conviction.

JAMES
(soft, resolute)

The Masked Man may be dead… but his shadow will

never leave these walls. The Beaconsfield Hotel is cursed,

and it dies tonight.

Jacob swallows hard, nodding slowly.

JACOB
Then let it burn, James. Let it all burn.

James’s face softens with sorrow. He lifts his eyes to the

flames one last time, the reflection dancing across his

features. His voice is quiet, almost a whisper, but filled

with finality.

JAMES
This is the end of Beaconsfield. No more rebuilding. No

more blood. Tonight, the curse ends with the fire.

The hotel collapses completely in the background, a final

roar of flames consuming the last of its cursed legacy.

Smoke rises into the night sky like a dark spirit finally

released.

James stands in silence, Jacob beside him, as the fire eats

away the last of the Beaconsfield Hotel.

FADE OUT.

30 Years Later

EXT. RUINS OF THE BEACONSFIELD HOTEL –

LATE AFTERNOON (2010)

The ruins of the Beaconsfield Hotel loom against a dying

sun. Burned walls jut like broken bones, ivy curling over

blackened stone. The cemetery behind the ruins is

overgrown, its crooked crosses leaning toward the

shadows.

A black car pulls up to the cracked gates. THOMAS (40s)

steps out, confident, holding a roll of blueprints. He walks

toward the ruins, studying them with an ambitious gleam

in his eyes.

THOMAS
(quietly, to himself)

A new future rises where the past fell.

Footsteps echo on the gravel. From the trees, a man

appears — PETER (30s), rugged but serious, his

expression wary as he looks at the ruins.

PETER

Hello.

Thomas turns, smiling warmly, extending his hand.

THOMAS
Good evening. My name’s Thomas.

They shake hands.

THOMAS
I’m the new owner of this land. Soon, the Beaconsfield

Hotel will be rebuilt — stronger, grander, more beautiful

than ever.

Peter stiffens, his smile fading. He looks past Thomas at

the ruined structure, the charred stones catching the last

rays of the sun.

PETER
You’re rebuilding this place?

Thomas nods proudly.

THOMAS
Yes. This land is rich with history. It deserves a second

chance.

Peter exhales sharply, shaking his head.

PETER
My father… Jacob… was once the manager of this hotel.

He worked beside the old owner, James. Both of them

swore this building was cursed.

Thomas laughs lightly, brushing dust from his jacket.

THOMAS

Cursed? Old men tell ghost stories. That’s all.

Peter steps closer, his face tense.

PETER

It wasn’t just stories. My grandfather told me what

happened here — about the spirit that haunts these ruins.

The Masked Man. William Johnson. His hatred still

lingers in these walls.

Thomas raises an eyebrow, intrigued but dismissive.

THOMAS

A ghost with a golden mask? Come on. Surely you don’t

believe that nonsense.

Peter’s voice grows sharper, his eyes darkening.

PETER

Believe it or not, the remains of William Johnson are

buried in the cemetery behind this hotel. His body is gone,

but his evil… his spirit… remains. Are you certain you

want to build here?

Thomas chuckles, shaking his head, refusing to be

swayed.

THOMAS

I’m certain. The Masked Man is nothing but a legend.

And legends can’t hurt me.

Peter stares at him for a long moment, his face grave.

PETER
My father used to say the same thing. But at Beaconsfield,

legends have teeth.

A sudden gust of wind HOWLS through the ruins, rattling

the twisted iron gates. The sound is eerily like a faint

laugh.

Thomas forces another laugh, brushing it off.

THOMAS
Just the wind. That’s all.

But Peter doesn’t smile. He turns his gaze to the ruins, his

eyes filled with dread.

The camera lingers on the shattered windows, where for

the briefest second, the faint glimmer of a golden mask

seems to flicker in the shadows.

FADE OUT.

EXT. RUINS OF THE BEACONSFIELD HOTEL –

NIGHT (2010)

The ruins stand like a blackened skeleton under the pale

light of the moon. The wind moans through the collapsed

archways, stirring the ivy and rattling loose stones.

A car pulls up to the cracked driveway. THOMAS steps

out, dressed in a long coat, holding a flashlight and a

rolled -up set of blueprints. He looks up at the charred

remains of the Beaconsfield with a mixture of pride and

anticipation.

THOMAS
(to himself)

Tomorrow, we start fresh. A new Beaconsfield. A new

era.

He sweeps the beam of his flashlight across the ruins.

Shadows leap and stretch across the walls like grasping

hands. The broken windows reflect back tiny shards of

moonlight, like watchful eyes.

Thomas walks through the cracked entryway, his

footsteps echoing on the stone. The smell of smoke still

lingers, even decades later, mixed with damp earth and

mildew. He runs his fingers across the scorched walls,

imagining what will soon rise here.

Then — he freezes.

In the distance, beyond the skeletal remains of the grand

lobby, a figure stands in the shadows.

Still. Watching.

The faint light of the moon catches on a gleam of gold.

The golden mask.

Thomas’s breath catches in his throat. He blinks, his

flashlight trembling in his hand.

THOMAS
(whispering to himself)

No… no, it’s nothing. Just my imagination.

The figure doesn’t move. It remains fixed, silent, the

golden mask glimmering faintly in the moonlight.

Thomas forces a nervous laugh, shaking his head.

THOMAS
It’s late. I’m tired. Just shadows. Just tricks of the light.

He takes a step back, shining the flashlight directly

toward the figure.

Nothing.

The figure is gone. The beam of light shows only broken

stone and dust.

Thomas exhales sharply, his heartbeat racing. He wipes

sweat from his brow, muttering to himself.

THOMAS
I won’t be scared off by old stories. Tomorrow, we

rebuild.

He turns quickly and walks back toward his car. His

footsteps echo faster now, his pace betraying his unease.

He climbs inside, slamming the door shut.

As the engine roars to life, he grips the wheel tightly,

whispering again as if to convince himself:

THOMAS
It was nothing. Just my head. Just my head…

The car drives away into the night.

But the camera lingers on the ruins.

The Masked Man steps out slowly from the shadows, the

golden mask gleaming in the moonlight. He watches the

departing car, silent, unmoving.

And then — ever so faintly — the sound of his low,

chilling laughter drifts across the ruins, carried by the

wind.

FADE OUT.

EXT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – NIGHT (2010)

The ruins are gone. In their place rises a brand -new

Beaconsfield Hotel, gleaming with lights and polished

marble. Tall glass windows reflect the night sky,

chandeliers blaze inside, and music drifts through the air.

Cars pull up to the red -carpeted entrance. Valets take

keys, guests in elegant gowns and tuxedos climb the

steps, their laughter and chatter echoing against the

glittering façade.

At the center of it all stands THOMAS (40s), dressed in a

flawless tuxedo, champagne glass in hand, smiling

proudly as he greets reporters and shakes hands with

powerful investors. Flashbulbs go off around him as

photographers capture the grand reopening.

THOMAS
(to the crowd, beaming)

Ladies and gentlemen — welcome to the rebirth of the

Beaconsfield Hotel! Tonight we celebrate not only its

history but its glorious future. This is not a place of

tragedy anymore. This is a place of dreams.

The crowd applauds. Music swells from inside, violins

and piano filling the grand hall.

But standing across the street, half-hidden in the shadows,

is PETER (30s). He wears a dark coat, his face pale, his

eyes fixed on the glowing hotel. His expression is not one

of joy, but of dread.

He whispers under his breath.

PETER
This place should’ve stayed in ashes…

A GUEST nearby overhears, giving Peter a strange look

before hurrying into the glittering entrance.

Peter doesn’t move. He just watches.

The camera pans from Thomas, smiling and basking in

the limelight, to Peter, frozen in fear, then slowly upward

to the towering windows of the hotel.

For just a moment, high above the ballroom, a shadow

flickers behind the glass — the faint glimmer of a golden

mask.

The light catches it, then it vanishes.

Peter’s eyes widen, his breath quickening. He takes a step

back, muttering in horror:

PETER

It’s begun again…

The music grows louder, drowning his words as the

celebration continues. Guests laugh, champagne flows,

and the new Beaconsfield Hotel shines like a jewel in the

night.

But in the dark, unseen by the crowd, the curse stirs once

more.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEACONSFIELD HOTEL – GRAND LOBBY –

NIGHT (2010)

The newly rebuilt Beaconsfield Hotel glows with life. The

chandelier sparkles above the lobby, the marble floor

shines, and music drifts in from the ballroom where the

grand opening celebration continues. Guests laugh and

mingle, their footsteps echoing across the luxurious space.

At the reception desk, a RECEPTIONIST in a crisp

uniform greets a late -arriving guest.

The man steps forward. He is tall, well -dressed, his eyes

dark with intensity. He sets his leather bag on the counter.

RECEPTIONIST

(warmly)

Welcome to the Beaconsfield Hotel. May I have your

name, sir?

The man leans in slightly, his voice low but steady.

TYLER

My name is Tyler. Tyler Johnson.

The receptionist freezes. A faint shiver runs down her

spine, though she cannot explain why. She forces a polite

smile, sliding the keycard across the desk.

RECEPTIONIST

Of course, Mr. Johnson. Enjoy your stay.

Tyler nods, his lips curling into the faintest, unsettling

smile. He takes the keycard, picks up his bag, and walks

across the grand lobby. Guests pass by him, unaware of

the strange aura that seems to follow his steps.

He presses the elevator button. The doors open with a soft

chime.

Inside the dim elevator, Tyler sets down his bag. Slowly,

he reaches inside… and pulls out a familiar object.

The golden mask.

The same mask once worn by William Johnson.

Tyler runs his fingers along its smooth surface, his smile

widening into something darker, something hungry. His

eyes glint with the reflection of the mask as he whispers

to himself:

TYLER

(whispering)

The legacy lives on.

The elevator doors close.

The last image is Tyler’s reflection in the polished steel —

his face beside the golden mask, his grin twisting into a

shadow of madness.

The soft, chilling sound of laughter echoes faintly as the

screen cuts to black.

TEXT ON SCREEN:
The Beaconsfield Curse will return…

FADE OUT.

THE END.